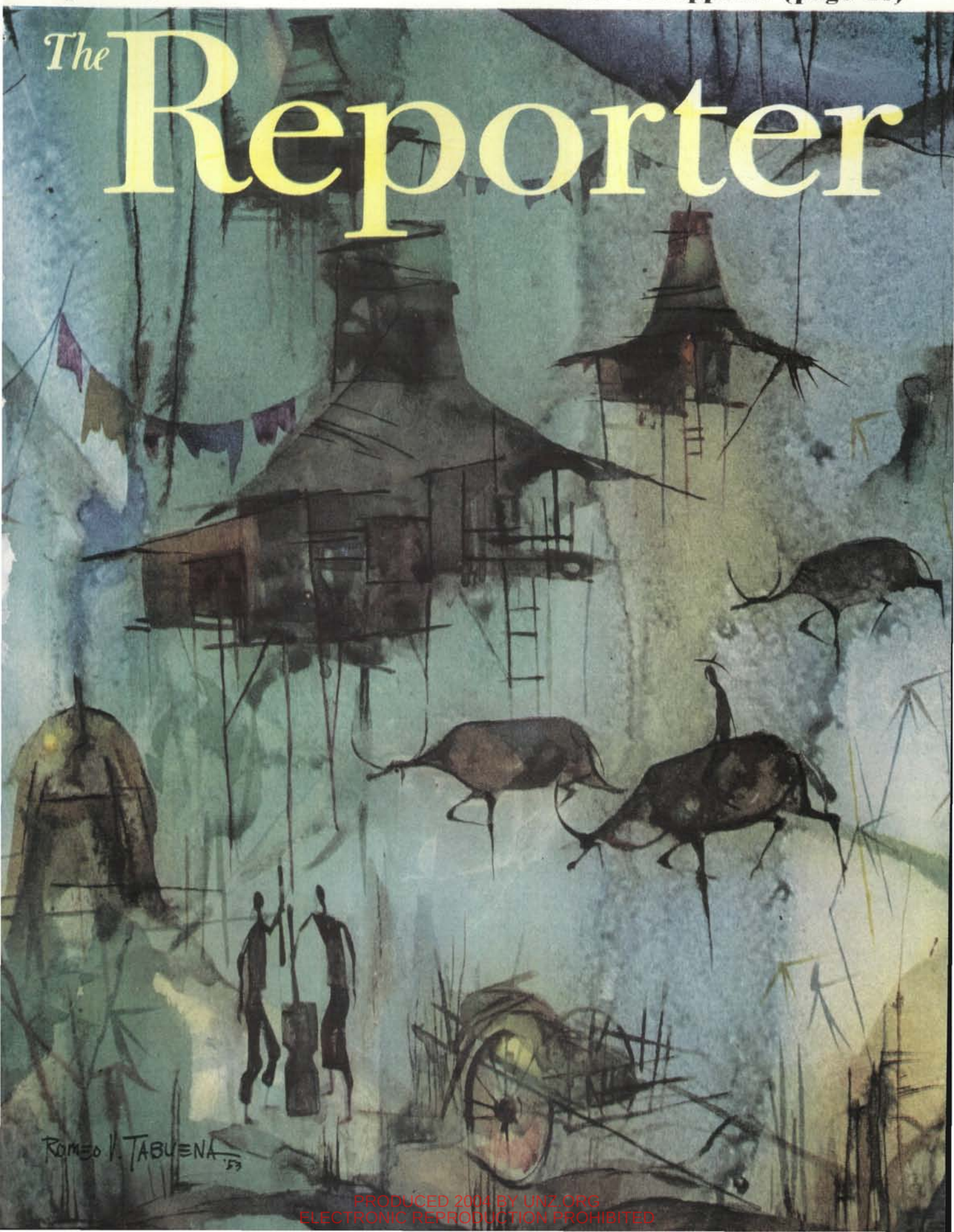
A New Europe Comes to Life

April 28, 1953 25c

The Philippines (page 16)



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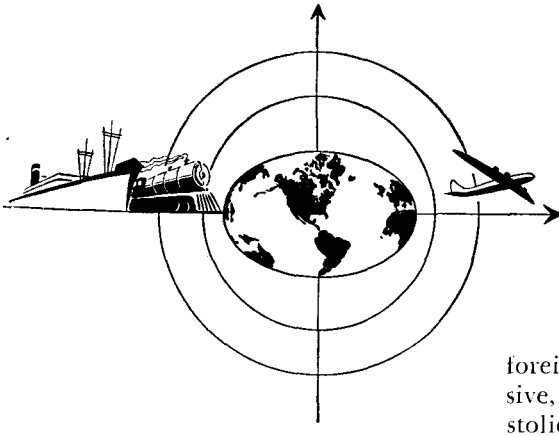

The Reporter's Notes

The Peace Game

President Eisenhower found exactly the right term when, at a recent press conference, he said we should take at "face value" every offer to reduce international tensions that the new Russian rulers may care to make. Since Stalin died, nearly every day has brought new evidence of a change in the Soviet attitude toward the West. Malenkov & Co. are no longer satisfied with rallying Communist fellow travelers and dupes under the banner of Communist "peace." The new men in the Kremlin seem determined to move from the general to the specific, and to harass the western powers with their offer to negotiate on all the major issues that make for war—like Korea—or for the threat of war. The President has decided to take the Communists at their word and to give them a chance to show what good faith—if any—is in their noisy proclamations.

The President must feel quite relieved these days. The old Ike luck seems to be still working—at least as far as the President's external enemies are concerned. Stalin's death gives him a chance to live up to the spirit, if not to the letter, of some of his most extravagant campaign promises. Now he and his advisers can and must rethink and re-evaluate the basic problems of our diplomacy and of our strategy. It is what they promised to do in the first place. Now they cannot escape doing it.

They can and must take bold initiatives, for there is a good chance that in our conflict with Communist power the era of the countless stalemates is coming to an end. The trouble with our new Administration, as long as Stalin lived, was that not much could be done to make our foreign policy more positive, aggressive, and fluid. Against the massive stolidity of Communist diplomacy, the President and Mr. Dulles could scarcely think of more exciting action than the perfunctory change of orders to the Seventh Fleet and verbal denunciation of the Yalta agreements. The succession to Messrs. Truman and Acheson seemed to mean the continuation of their policies—and of their frustrations.

Then Malenkov & Co. came in, showing that in Russia too there is a new Administration—an Administration representing forces and factions we have no way of knowing but which seems to be hell-bent on proving that in Russia too it is time for a change—at least in the field of foreign policy.

History frequently exhibits a superb sense of dramatic timing in setting the stage for its major acts. In 1933, a few weeks apart, Adolf Hitler and Franklin Roosevelt took up their positions as leaders of their nations and protagonists in world affairs. During this last winter there has been a change of Administration in the two decisive capitals of the world. Since they came to power Malenkov & Co., though unburdened by election pledges, have been vigorously campaigning to establish their prestige at home and abroad. No serious person can yet judge whether or to what extent the Malenkov Administration is torn by inner strife—although it is quite conceivable that Malenkov might face an Opposition in the Supreme Presidium just about as vicious as the one that snipes at Mr. Eisenhower's leadership.

The Russian leaders, of course, are not accountable to their people, while ours can be immensely strengthened by the support of the whole nation if only they think straight and speak candidly. The enemy himself has started removing some of the blocks that hampered our freedom of action. The time seems to have passed when all that our diplomats and the Russians could do was bark at each other.

At Panmunjom, the negotiations with the enemy may move from cease-fire to armistice to peace. Our Administration must know and let the world know under what conditions it can consent to have peaceful relations with Red China. It certainly cannot be at the price of letting Mao "re-educate" the Formosans or crush Indo-China.

We may have to face quite soon the problem of letting the Russians know whether or not we agree to free elections in a united Germany. Actually, we could hardly answer "No," but we must be ready to spell out the specific terms of what we mean by free elections. For the German people can never decide freely what kind of government they want unless they decide knowingly, and it will take some time, certainly several months, before the German people—East and West—can know what Communism has done to the eastern section of the country and what alternatives democracy offers.

In every case, in negotiating about the recognition of Red China or the unification of Germany, et al., we must never forget for a moment that we are dealing with remorseless antagonists, ready at any moment to take advantage of our good faith. Yet these antagonists, for no other reason than their own interest in the perpetuation and expansion of their power, seem now to be decided to sit down with us around peace tables. As the President put it, we have no alternative but to take them

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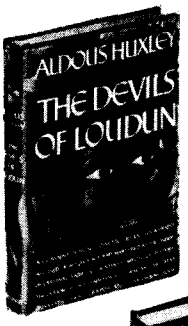

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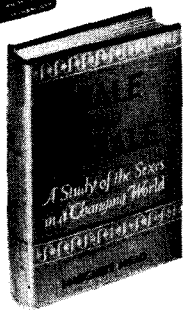

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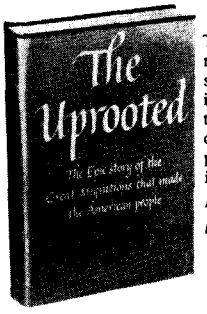

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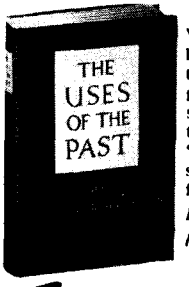

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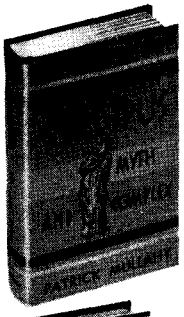

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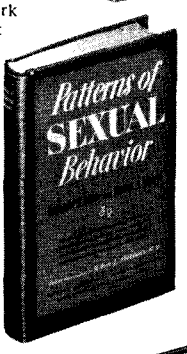

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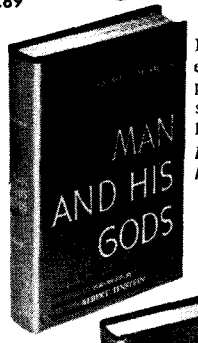

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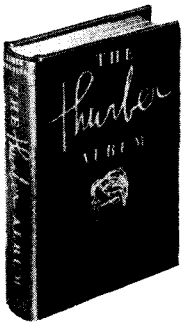

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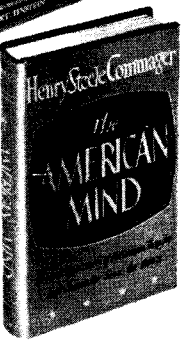

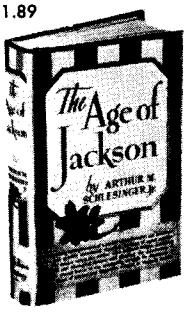

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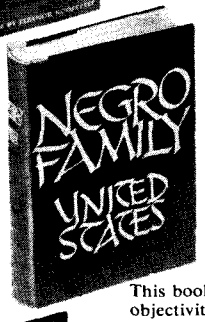

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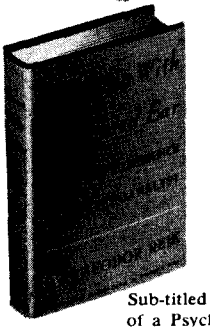

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at their face value—until they themselves prove what they are up to.

To judge from the way things have been going lately, there is no saying what they may be up to. Recently, a group of American small-town radio and newspaper executives have been welcomed in the Soviet Union and, according to their own reports, seem to have had a good time. Before we know it, the Russians may well start a new Intourist campaign of the type that used to be fashionable in the early 1930's. They could easily afford to go back to the old game of well-chaperoned conducted tours, and they could particularly cater to the most outspoken anti-Communist clientele, since they have no equivalent of the McCarran Act.

Already, as if to show that the impossible of yesterday is the actual fact of today, the most obstreperous barker of them all, Vishinsky, has blandly suggested that the disarmament negotiations at the U.N. be taken up again so that an agreement on the reduction of atomic as well as of conventional weapons can be achieved. Fortunately, the Administration should not be unprepared on this ground, since this very problem has been studied for months by the Oppenheimer Committee.

We hope the President is ready to take up the Communist challenges, one by one, and come out on top. The change in Administration both in Washington and in Moscow probably marks the end of a dull, inconclusive era—the era of the stalemates, the era when it was easy to predict that every international negotiation would end in failure and the best one could hope for was that the Communists would gain no advantage. Our demagogues at home specialized in harassing the statesmen entrusted with the containing job.

Now the Administration can fight it out with the Communists in the open, in the full light of day. No matter what has prompted the Communists to start their drives for negotiated peace, our country has the power to show to the rest of the world that it can set the workable conditions which really make for peace. In fact, our country has the power to ransom those ideas of peace, of democracy, of freedom that the Communists had tried to kidnap.

To a considerable extent, all this comes from the passing of the unlamented Josef Stalin. Events since his death prove that it was really time for a change in Russia—perhaps for a far more radical change than Malenkov & Co. may wish.

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Judgment by One's Peers

A group of prominent university presidents wrote a report recently on "The Rights and Responsibilities of Universities and Their Faculties," which was released by the Association of American Universities. It is a noble document with which we are in wholehearted agreement, for it states not only the rights but the duties of a university teacher:

"Appointment to a university position and retention after appointment require not only professional competence but involve the affirmative obligation of being diligent and loyal in citizenship. Above all, a scholar must have integrity and independence. This renders impossible adherence to such a régime as that of Russia and its satellites. No person who accepts or advocates such principles and methods has any place in a university. Since . . . membership in the Communist party requires the acceptance of these principles and methods, such membership extinguishes the right to a university position. Moreover, if an instructor follows communistic practice by becoming a propagandist for one opinion, adopting a 'party line,' silencing criticism or impairing freedom of thought and expression in his classroom, he forfeits not only all university support but his right to membership in the university.

"'Academic freedom' is not a shield for those who break the law. Universities must cooperate fully with law-enforcement officers whose duty requires them to prosecute those charged with offenses. Under a well-established . . . principle, their innocence is to be assumed until they have been convicted. . . ."

The statement also asserted a principle that should be basic in all controversies on the loyalty of a teacher: "The university is competent to establish a tribunal to determine the facts and fairly judge the nature and degree of any trespass upon academic integrity, as well as to determine the penalty such trespass merits."

We only regret that this statement hasn't gone one step further. If the university is the proper tribunal, there should be, we think, a supreme court empowered to pass final judgment on the most controversial and publicized cases. For a university is frequently exposed to many forms of pressure—from state legislators, alumni, or rabble rousers at large. A group of men like those who drafted this document is particularly fit to operate as a supreme court on academic freedom and to see to it that the principles that they have so forcefully declared are carried out.

Down in Front!

In the moments after Ambassador Bohlen was finally confirmed by the Senate, there was unrestrained cheering from all parts of the stadium. Some people even seemed to think that Senators McCarthy, McCarran, and Bridges had been taken out of the play for good.

But standing back and looking at this incident, we were unable to derive much comfort. If Michigan State, playing Wake Forest, were to allow three fast opposing tacklers through its powerful line, let its ball carrier get chased all over his own backfield, and finally with great effort get him back to the scrimmage line, the Michigan State cheering section might experience a sense of relief, but it wouldn't mistake the play for a touchdown.

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CORRESPONDENCE

ACHILLE LAURO OBJECTS

To the Editor: An article signed by Claire Sterling which appeared in the February 17, 1953, issue of your magazine under the title "Italian Democracy: A Progress Report" has been called to my attention.

No one more than I favors a free press in a free country but frankly I must lament the fact that your correspondent, willfully or otherwise has failed to secure reliable information and, in respect to my person, has sunk to defamation and personal insult.

Leaving, therefore, to your writer and your magazine the responsibility for the huge oversights and political inaccuracies of the article, leaving to your writer and your magazine the responsibility for the insulting statements against the people of southern Italy, who make up about fifty per cent of the whole Italian population, and against the city of Naples—cradle and haven of illustrious men and artists through the ages, formerly capital of one of the most brilliant kingdoms of Europe, now capital of southern Italy and enchanting landmark of world tourism—I confine myself to a request that you rectify, for the benefit of that public opinion which your magazine influences in the United States and in the world at large, the slanderous inaccuracies that concern me personally.

Your correspondent presents me as an unscrupulous individual whom the Allies put in a concentration camp when they arrived in Italy—for having prospered under Fascism and for having committed such heinous acts as exporting opium from China, purchasing arms for the Fascist government, cultivating Count Ciano's friendship, and playing host to Frau Goering.

But your correspondent does not add, as was her duty, that the Allies themselves and qualified Italian courts, after evaluating these unfounded and ignominious accusations reported to the Allies by their paid informers and by personal enemies of mine during the turbulent and unfortunately immoral climate that prevailed in Italy immediately subsequent to liberation and after a most careful and critical examination of every single action of my life, cleared me of all charges.

Your correspondent neglected to say that, after having once created the fifty-seven-ship Lauro Fleet, working strenuously from 1919 to 1940, I have had to create it anew in a completely different political climate, between 1946 and today. During these latter years I have found myself politically at odds with the government and therefore have had to work in the least favorable conditions for any entrepreneur.

Your correspondent mentioned municipal elections won in Naples with the help of spaghetti, but failed to specify that all the spaghetti distributed in this town by myself and my party was contained in a few thousand gift packages given to the

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poor on the occasion of a charity event; whereas the National Monarchist Party received about 150,000 votes in Naples and some 117,500 citizens voted for me personally—the highest vote ever obtained by any politician in Italy.

Your correspondent depicts me as a man with fascistic tendencies but fails to add that I was the one who maintained that the fusion of our list with the Italian Social Movement (adopted because of electoral technique and contingent reasons due to the law on *apparentamento* imposed on us by the Christian Democrats) should be only a temporary measure for the municipal elections in southern Italy and should be discarded in the general elections so that the National Monarchist Party could present itself to the electorate with its own unmistakable characteristic as a democratic Catholic party which stands for the Atlantic pact, free enterprise, Italian unity, and the struggle against Muscovite Communism.

Your correspondent depicts me as a man of the Right, apparently unaware that the National Monarchist Party platform has the most solidly progressive platform of any party existing in Italy today, in that it proposes that all workers share in the profits of the firms that employ them, following, incidentally, the example I have set for years in the fleet that bears my name.

Claire Sterling depicts me as a sort of adventurer in business and in politics, but evidently she has not been informed, or has not chosen to report the fact, that at my age and with my position (which, even without the exaggerations of the article, would permit me to retire from business), I am still setting the example of a fourteen- to sixteen-hour working day, not in order to make more money, which obviously I do not need, but in order to contribute my will, my experience, and my personal sacrifice to the fight that I consider necessary against enemy No. 1 of world peace—Communism; against enemy No. 1 of social welfare—incompetence; and against enemies No. 1 of all human progress—bad faith, dishonesty, shortsightedness.

I shall be very grateful if by publishing this letter you prove your objectivity.

ACHILLE LAURO
Mayor of Naples

CLAIRE STERLING REPLIES

To the Editor: First, I agree with the Commodore that some points in my article may have hurt the feelings of many southern Italians. I am sorry about this, because I feel the deepest sympathy for these people, who have been oppressed and plundered by a succession of "brilliant" European monarchs, reduced to depending on tourism because of historic government neglect, and betrayed countless times by ambitious men who have climbed to power by exploiting their terrible poverty. The source of offense in my article lay in certain facts, not in my stating them.

As for Lauro and the concentration camp, it is true that he was released from Padula on June 22, 1945—twenty-two months after he had been interned and nearly two months after the Germans in Italy surrendered and Mussolini was killed. Many others were released with him since there was no longer a state of war and their liberty, consequently, could not be a source of military danger. I can find no record of his having been absolved of all charges by the Allied Commission at the time of his release.

There can be no doubt that he enriched himself during the Fascist régime, since he admits that most of his prewar fleet of fifty-seven ships was acquired between

1919 and 1940. Nor is there any question of his personal friendship with Reichsmarschall Goering. When OSS officers came to his villa, the day the Allies liberated Naples, they found in his cellar—aside from 150 hams, eight hundred pounds of sugar, four hundred pounds of flour, and six hundred quarts of olive oil—some six cases of vodka and a case of tinned caviar sent as a personal gift by the Reichsmarschall.

I might add that they also found a bronze medal bearing the head of Mussolini on one side and the fasces on the other. It was inscribed "To my dearest collaborator, Achille Lauro, who stayed at my side through good days and bad."

I don't doubt that Lauro had some difficulty in rebuilding his fleet in the hostile political climate that followed in Italy after the war. He might have explained in his letter that he was helped considerably in his effort by being permitted to acquire many American Liberty ships at a fraction of their cost. In any event, while his postwar achievement testifies to his business ability, his is not a singular case. Many other former members of the Fascist Council of Corporations have recouped, and even added to, their old fortunes by now.

The charge of buying votes by distributing free spaghetti is too well documented to be open to question. I was in Naples for over a week during the campaign last spring and saw some evidence of this myself. Apart from that, Roman newspapers have published photostats of certificates issued by the National Monarchist Party in Naples and signed personally by A. Lauro. These stated: "Certificate good for two kilograms of pasta and one box of tomatoes," and gave the address of party headquarters. Some of them might have been distributed at one "charity demonstration," but thousands of others were spread through the city as well. Whether or not this practice was decisive in electing him, he is not accurate in saying that his 117,500 preferential votes in Naples constituted the highest figure ever to have been reached by any political leader in Italy. In the 1948 elections Prime Minister Alcide De Gasperi received 292,517 preferential votes in Naples.

About Commodore Lauro's pro-fascism, the point again is not what I said but what he did. He may not, as he claims now, have intended his partnership with the Italian Social Movement to last beyond the administrative elections. Nevertheless, he not only accepted but actively sought an electoral partnership with a purely neo-Fascist organization. The secretary of the Italian Social Movement is a veteran of the Black Shirts' March on Rome; its honorary chairman, Valerio Borghese, was in prison until last year, after having been sent there for directing Mussolini's 10th Flotilla MAS, which harried Allied ships until practically the last day of the war, and for the systematic murder of Italian patriots. Most of the Italian Social Movement's leaders have similar backgrounds—and in last May's elections its candidates' list in Rome alone included at least six men indicted the previous January for membership in the "Fasci of Revolutionary Action," a clandestine terrorist organization.

In an interview with me in his Naples office on April 24, 1952, Lauro defined this partnership as a "crystalline and honest alliance," and said the two groups were "joined on the common ground of invigorating the Italian's sense of nation, after a lost war and a foreign [Allied] occupation." On the same occasion, he did say that the National Monarchist Party favored the Atlantic pact, but added that "we must decide who can give us most before making any alliances." He specified, among the things to be "given," not only the Free Territory of Trieste but all of Italy's former African colonies. ("The Ethiopian War wasn't imperialist," he told me; "it was a just war to provide living space for Italy's excessive population.")

Apart from certain nebulous statements about the need to relieve southern misery, I know of no specific plans for social reform in the National Monarchist Party's platform except for Lauro's idea about profit sharing. This plan, as it operates for the Lauro Fleet, yields a maximum of four thousand lire ($6.50) a month to some of the fleet's oldest employees; all but from one to three per cent of the corporation's stock, however, is owned either by Lauro or members of his family. There is so little social progress in such a plan that I did not consider it important enough to include in my article—particularly since it is advocated by the party in conjunction with a "return to corporativism," which never yielded anything much to Italian workers.

I have nothing to say about Lauro's working fourteen to sixteen hours a day; it is plain to anyone that he is an extremely energetic man. I would, however, raise one question about his "sacrifice in the fight . . . against . . . Communism." If he is in-

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deed so dedicated to this cause, I cannot understand why both his party and the Italian Social Movement formed joint lists with the Communists to oppose the democratic bloc last spring in at least fifty Italian communities. Is Commodore Lauro's "No. 1 enemy" Communism or democracy?

CLAIRE STERLING
Rome

THE CIO OBJECTS

To the Editor: In your March 17 issue, letters from officials of two American Federation of Labor unions voice their praise of Richard Rovere's article about Sidney Hillman and endorse Mr. Rovere's rather strong criticism of Matthew Josephson's biography of Sidney Hillman and of the CIO Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union in general. Lest it appear that Mr. Rovere's views are unchallenged in the ranks of labor, we wish to express a strong dissent from both the Rovere article and the letters.

Matthew Josephson, in our estimation, wrote an interesting book and a generally excellent one. The book brought together a great deal of information about the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in its early years of struggle and in its later years of prestige and very considerable success. Mr. Josephson likewise showed a keen understanding of Sidney Hillman—his personality, his distrust of dogmatic theory, and his extremely important role in the development of the CIO and in the Roosevelt Administration.

Mr. Rovere apparently felt under some form of compulsion to accentuate the negative—which is his right. But it is unfortunate that the tone of his article gives the impression that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers did no pioneering, except semantically, in the field of expanding union functions; that it did not improve as successfully as possible the economic status of the men and women in the clothing industry; and that Mr. Hillman was a tool and/or dupe of racketeers and/or Reds.

The fact is that the union's great social functions, which were developed under Mr. Hillman's leadership, have brought tremendous benefits to the union's members and the communities in which they reside. Many of these pioneering experiments have, after a considerable period of time, been copied by a number of other unions, both AFL and CIO. It is known by everybody who knows the men's garment industry that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has promoted stability in the industry and won economic benefits of a very significant measure for its members. It is clear that Mr. Hillman cleaned the union of racketeers and permitted no narrow sect with impractical or sinister ideologies to gain control of it.

Mr. Hillman's role as a leading figure in the formation of the World Federation of Trade Unions in 1945 has been criticized by Mr. Rovere and a few other writers and AFL apologists, usually with the benefit of cold-war hindsight. Let the record show, however, that the British unions, under Lord Walter Citrine, and other democratic trade-union movements were as hopeful in 1945 as their governments that a peaceful and dignified *modus operandi* might be established with the Russians.

At that time, and throughout the history of the relationship of the CIO with trade-union movements in other countries, the guiding theme has been our determination to remain in organizational connection with other leading free democratic movements.

It is easy, with the aid of hindsight, to condemn the entire association with the state-controlled "trade unions" of Soviet Russia in the postwar years 1945-1947. But governments and trade unions alike had to make the effort to co-operate with the Russians before alternative policies became possible. The strength of the universal desire to draw the Soviet Union into the U.N. at the San Francisco Conference illustrates the situation that existed when the WFTU was founded.

Sidney Hillman, whether Mr. Rovere likes it or not, remains six years after his death a great figure in the history of American labor. Mr. Josephson, it seems to us, endeavored to explain in his book the many facets of Hillman and his significance to labor and the nation. It is our belief, and the belief of the overwhelming majority of reviewers of the Josephson book, that the author was largely successful in his task. It is regrettable that *The Reporter* offers so ill-taken a minority dissent.

MICHAEL ROSS
Director, International Affairs, CIO

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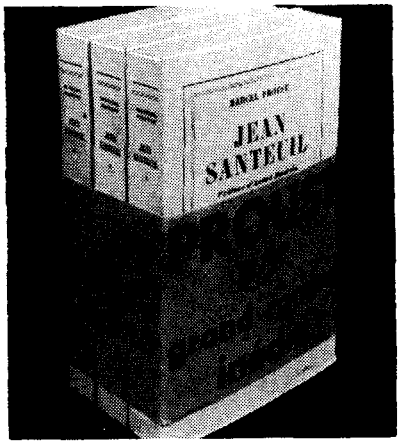

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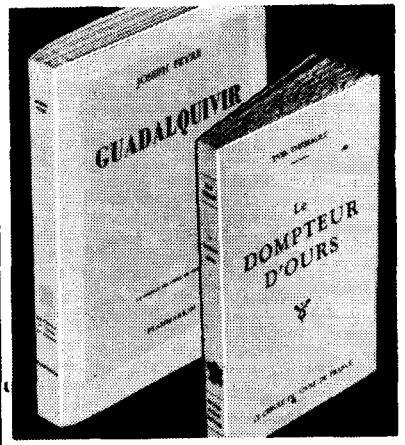

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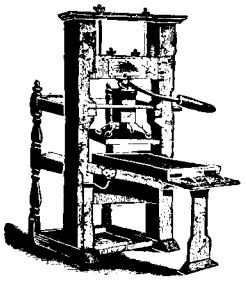


WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN SPITE of all the political talk in this country about Asia during, say, the last twelve months, remarkably little has happened in developing a new Asian policy since the change-over in Washington. Of course, the makers of new policy have been pretty busy trying to drop some of the myths about Asia that they helped create. And besides, the strictly military side of our relations with Asia—above all in Korea—has naturally been uppermost in the minds of all of us. But now that truce talks are starting again, we need to take a new look at the political chores that go with our military program in Asia. The editorial and the first two articles in this issue explore this forgotten side of the Asian build-up.

Behind the hot war in Indo-China and the trouble with the Huks in the Philippines, there are problems in the civil societies that we have asked two experts on Asia to frame for us. **George Weller**, who writes on Indo-China, is one of the most wide-ranging of U.S. foreign and war correspondents. Winner of a Pulitzer Prize, he first covered the Balkans, then the Pacific, then the Mediterranean theater. His postwar work has carried him to Manchuria, China, Korea, and Southeast Asia as well as Greece, Italy, and elsewhere in Europe—all as correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*. During the past two months he has been covering the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York. Shortly he will return to his Rome headquarters and then go to the Middle East again.

Our second expert, **David Bernstein**, son of the late Herman Bernstein, journalist and diplomat, was special adviser to Presidents Manuel Quezon and Sergio Osmeña of the Philippines. He is the author of *The Philippine Story*, and until last year served as assistant to Oscar Ewing, former Chief of the Federal Security Agency.

ATOMIC ENERGY is a matter of such enormous solemnity that it is a relief to read **Michael Amrine's** successful effort to find the humor behind the secret classifications of the most hushed business in the world. When a huge body of useful knowledge is being kept behind a screen sometimes having little to do with national security, a certain sense of fantasy creeps in, and Mr. Amrine's Flying Sauceress certainly finds it. In collaboration with Harold C. Urey he wrote the famous pamphlet "I'm a Frightened Man"; his novel *Secret* is the story of the atomic scientists' adventures in politics and loyalty tests since the end of the war. He claims to be working on a sequel to the Flying Sauceress article in this issue and threatens to call it "The Sauceress' Apprentice."

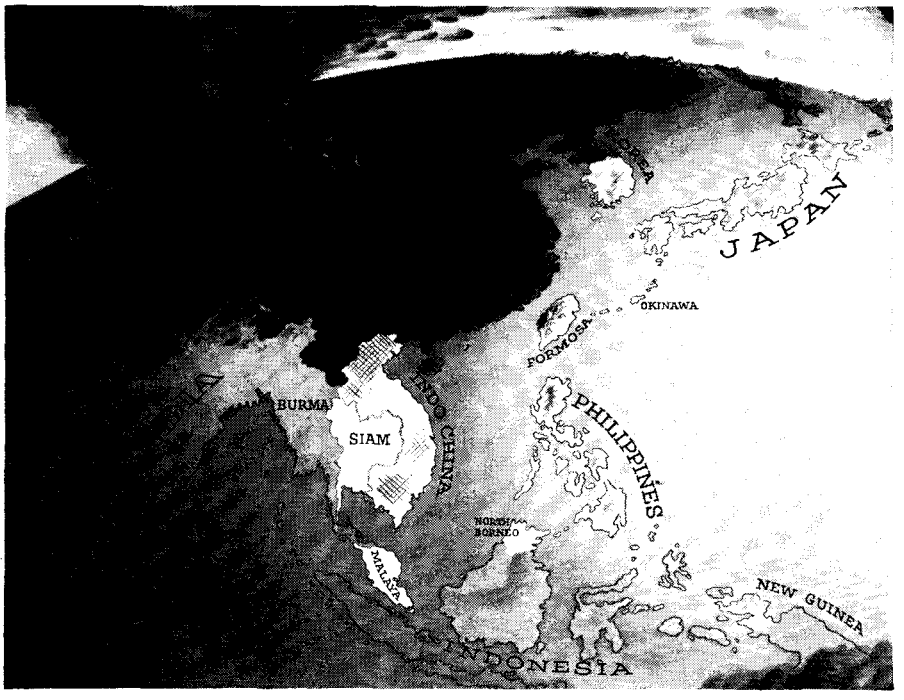
OUR WASHINGTON EDITOR, **Douglass Cater**, sends us a firsthand analysis of the strengths and weaknesses that President Eisenhower has revealed in his handling of the press at his weekly conferences. **Theodore White**, our chief correspondent in Europe, tells us that he went to the Strasbourg Conference out of a sense of duty and surmises that many of the statesmen who gathered there did so for the same reason. Then somehow a fire got started. The statesmen spoke to a purpose. Suddenly it became evident that the conference meant real business—the business of building a unified Europe. Mr. White's report is filled with a reasoned enthusiasm which is perhaps the best evidence that the scene he witnessed was indeed unusual.

George Biddle has illustrated his article "Last Talks with Santayana" with his own lithographs of the philosopher, here reproduced for the first time. Mr. Biddle is well known among American painters, lithographers, and sculptors. For years he has exhibited at home and abroad, and his work is in all the major permanent American collections. Like other members of his family—his brother, former Attorney General Francis Biddle, and his cousin Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle—George Biddle has served the government of the United States; former President Truman appointed him in 1950 to the Fine Arts Commission. In June he is showing his lithographic work in the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco.

IN ITS CHOICE of authors and artists *The Reporter* looks for excellence and not for names. Our cover for this issue, a scene in the Philippines, was painted for us by a young Filipino artist who has been in the United States less than a year. **Romeo V. Tabuena** studied in Manila and came to New York, where he won a competitive scholarship at the Art Students League. He has already had one-man shows on the West Coast and in the East. We are proud to be the first magazine to publish his work.

IN OUR next issue we shall examine the First Hundred Days of the Eisenhower Administration, appraising what its members have learned and what they have done.

THE DEFENSE OF ASIA



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HARLAN CLEVELAND

The Defense of Asia

THE NEW military policy in the Far East is sound strategy, endangered by the misleading hopes it creates. The central concept is a build-up of Asian forces, projected in one form or another for the Asian nations we now consider as allies: Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Siam, the Associated States of Indo-China, and the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa. The idea is then to "disengage" our forces from Korea so that they can serve as a more mobile strategic reserve around the entire east-south periphery of Red China.

But the favored term for this strategy, "disengagement," implies an unwarranted hope that as soon as our Asian friends are properly armed, we can lay aside the enormous and irritating burdens of a passing emergency and retire to mind our own business. We can't.

General Bradley is reported to have testified the other day that it costs some two hundred million dollars to train, equip, and support one ROK division for a year. That means two billion dollars for the ten ROK divisions now planned. Experience in Greece and Turkey confirms these costs.

War is fought these days with highly complicated weapons, the product of the science and technology of the most advanced industrial nations. This means a direct monetary cost—for the weapons themselves, for supplies like jet fuel, for airfields and roads, for all the backup mechanized warfare requires—that is wholly out of proportion to the thin trickle of public revenues, often collected from those least able to pay, which our Far Eastern allies can lay their hands on.

So we pick up the check, one way or another. In Korea, we support most of the ROK troops and provide relief for the civilian population directly out of the U.S. military budget. If some kind of peace comes, the Republic of Korea will certainly not be able to finance these costs; it is already spending four-fifths of its own small budget for military purposes. France spends in Indo-China, to protect Vietnam, some six times as much as Vietnam's own budget, and is, of course, passing an increasing part of that cost along to Washington. In Formosa, our aid covers one-quarter of the Chinese Nationalist budget. And as we get into the business of supporting other countries' budgets, we become heavily involved in their every "domestic" decision about taxes, prices, wages, social welfare, and all other factors that enter into the management of their economies.

Security for the Region

The point is not that this is bad but that it's necessary. To be honest with ourselves, we must drop the fiction that we are helping build a collection of self-sufficient national forces. The ultimate pattern may —and probably should—be some form of regional security system, resting primarily on manpower from Asia, air and naval support from several of the North Atlantic countries, and a supply line of weapons and equipment, ammunition, and replacement parts from the United States, all backed up by the mobile reserve strength of the U.S. "domestic" military establishment. The President hinted at such a policy in his Inaugural Address. Getting on with it should be a task for this year, not some other time. The price of military "disengagement" is increasing economic and political involvement.

THE STRATEGY and tactics for the political defense of Free Asia are less clearly marked, either in the campaign words last fall or in Washington actions this winter and spring.

General Eisenhower's campaign slogan, "Let it be Asians against Asians," has done us great political harm in Asia already, as President Eisenhower would probably be the first to acknowledge. It cannot stand the competition of the slogan "Asia for the Asians," which the Communists have taken over from the Japanese. We may hope that the memory of this unfortunate phrase will soon be erased.

Yet the reality which was awkwardly expressed in that phrase is still there for all to see: We want to combine Asian manpower with western weapons. Assume this strategy is wholly sound; it still involves a huge political cost. The major nations of non-Communist Asia are likely to see in this policy of ours an

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evidence of imperialism at its crudest, the exploitation of raw military manpower. These are the nations—and the first of them is India—that matter the most in terms of present population and future strength, while our allies in Asia are hardly more than a bracelet of strategic islands and beachheads on the arm of U.S. power.

In these circumstances it is crucial to our political strategy that we not let the military build-up get out of perspective in our own actions and attitudes. We have an object lesson today in Burma, where all the careful work of economic diplomacy, first by ECA and then by the Point Four program, has been offset by the Burmese government's conviction that U.S. cloak-and-dagger artists have been egging on Burma's unwelcome guests, the troops of Chinese Nationalist General Li Mi. In Indonesia we have earned a good deal of suspicion and resentment by the insistence of Congress and the U.S. Embassy on getting the wary Indonesians to sign pieces of paper declaring themselves to be with us in the cold war.

Trained troops with proper equipment can serve as the hood over the engine, to keep the rain off while the engine develops its full power. But the central motive power, which will drive Asia toward freedom or toward slavery, is the new determination of its peoples that they too must achieve improvement in the condition of their lives.

The Age of Arithmetic

The countries of non-Communist Asia, with very few exceptions, are run by new governments. It is important, to them and to us, that they tackle successfully the problems their own people regard as most pressing. Having won their political independence, they thereupon turn with gusto to the complex tasks of economic development. Arithmetic competes with more traditional slogans as a force that moves men to political action, and political success is measured with numbers—the percentage of the crop which the tenant keeps, the cubic feet of earth moved on a dam site, the dollars and pounds sterling in a balance-of-payments table.

Our nationalist friends in Asia, declared and undeclared, need and want some support from the outside to help them move up this ladder of arithmetic. With our great strength, we are in a good position to help without straining our huge economy —with machinery to begin the process of industrialization, with food to counteract natural disasters (as with the politically successful wheat loan to India). By providing more stable and predictable markets for the raw materials they produce, we can also ensure that our contributions will be largely matched by current trade.

Equally important but a great deal more difficult, we can help create the institutional framework for progress. Friendly advice and well-managed aid can sometimes induce needed reforms—in land tenure and farm credit, as the Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction has shown in Formosa, or in taxing methods and government spending, as the ECA demonstrated in the Philippines a couple of years ago. In most Asian countries, there is no real middle class; but people trained in agriculture and medicine, in education and public administration and military techniques can provide the kind of leadership group that corresponds in function to the middle class in western societies. With patience and understanding, we can encourage the growth of institutions that serve to extend the area of real participation in the making of political decisions.

All this means hard work in rough surroundings, as the two following articles make more than clear. Yet, grim as the prospects look today from Saigon and Manila, they looked much grimmer three years ago. In 1950, who would have expected the Huks to be hemmed in as much as they are today—a qualified triumph that must be credited to political as well as military action? Even in Indo-China, the odds have certainly improved. What would you have bet in 1950 on Bao Dai's chances of political survival?

The danger, in these countries and the others, is that we shall not stay the course, that we shall get discouraged when our policy fails in every instance to produce the advertised results. Not everything we try to do, or help our friends in Asia do, will come off. But we shall need the courage to move rapidly when bold action can pay really big dividends. We have a chance to test our courage this year—in deciding whether to give major support to India's Five-Year Plan.

OUR aims in Asia are reasonably clear. We want to help mobilize the strength of our declared friends. And we want to maintain and strengthen the solidarity in major foreign-policy matters of the "border states" of South Asia, from Indonesia around to the Middle East.

If our aims are going to be well served by our attitudes and programs, we shall do well to recognize and act on three basic premises: First, the policy of arming Asians is bound to engage more and more of our resources and attention even if we can disengage most of our troops. Second, the security screen we build is a means to other ends—economic growth, social progress, decent and effective government. And third, our co-operation and assistance extend equally to those friends who do not want to become allies.

Otherwise, we take our soldiers home and lose Asia.

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Indo-China, The Other Korea

GEORGE WELLER

AGAINST the blue sky a pillar of smoke ascends like a charmed black snake from a basket of distant trees. Tiny as a hummingbird, the airplane that dropped the napalm circles around the black pillar with one wing down, peering at what it has done. The soft thud of the explosion arrives, already old. In the distance, across sunken rice fields crossed with dikes and cracked bridges, a quarrel breaks out between two machine guns.

The first prisoners come shuffling along the grassy path across the fifteen-foot levee. A few wear the funereal black of the Vietminh People's Liberation Army; others wear the brown tunics of peasant workers so that they might be mistaken for farmers by the bombing aircraft. They are all about eighteen years old, wiry and healthy, with spiky black hair and broad, impassive faces, remote even from each other.

From the top of the levee you can see the tactical chessboard of this land of rivers, this northern Vietnam, the main battlefield of Indo-China. Rising steeply from the delta floor are the mountains and limestone massifs where lurks the main body of the seven divisions of the Vietminh People's Liberation Army. It was there that they withdrew at the end of 1946 following the ambush of French and Eurasians in Hanoi. It was from these mountains that they sallied confidently to attack General de Lattre's shaken French forces in January, 1951. Even on the delta floor, the eight thousand-odd villages are always partly penetrated by the Vietminh underground. Most of them are quite flexible in their allegiance, often French by day and Vietminh by night.

Green islands of villages, lifted on generations of debris above the green sea of paddy, dot the whole horizon. Canals and levees cut the land. Far down one canal, anchored where it meets the million-armed Red River, you can see an American-built LCI flying the French tricolor.

The Vietminh dead lie sprawled by the potholes that were dug around the dry parapet of the village. When the battle was on, neither shelling nor mortaring could drive them out. Stubbornly they waited for the actual charge across the rice paddy.

They waited to kill the most important Frenchman in Indo-China, the second lieutenant. It was this young man, lying on his face in a dry paddy with machine-gun fire chewing the air over him, who eventually had to rise and lead the storming run of the Vietnamese, the Algerians, the Moroccans, the Tunisians, the Senegalese, and the Foreign Legionnaires. A white face is an easy target among brown and black ones.

Seven Years' War

This war is seven years old, if you reckon it from the day when the Communist Vietminh swarmed out of the slums and up through the sewers of Hanoi and almost took the city. It is nearly seventy, if you reckon it by the fighting life of the strongest Communist leader, "Uncle" Ho Chi Minh, the oldest Leninist leader working in East Asia. But it is only a couple of years old if you calculate it by the effort of the non-Communist Vietnamese to rid themselves of the jungle police state and to earn freedom from France with their own lives.

France began with the error common to all western Europe in the postwar period: trying to make a deal with a Communist. At that time France might have done well to turn the whole headache over to the United Nations. But France saw that Indonesia, thus tendered by the Dutch, was lost. The French held the line in Indo-China and kept the Chinese Communist supply line from penetrating into British Malaya.

France delayed, too, about trusting the native Vietnamese with weapons. The reason for caution was strong: The French thought they might be assassinated. At first they did not want Indo-Chinese officers; now they want them badly, but five years late.

The Vietnamese in 1946 were taking nine per cent of the total casualties. They are now taking fifty-two per cent, the rest being borne by the variegated army of Moroccans, Algerians, Tunisians, French, and Sene-

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galese. Since war began, about thirty thousand members of the French Union forces have been killed, of whom perhaps one-quarter were French by blood.

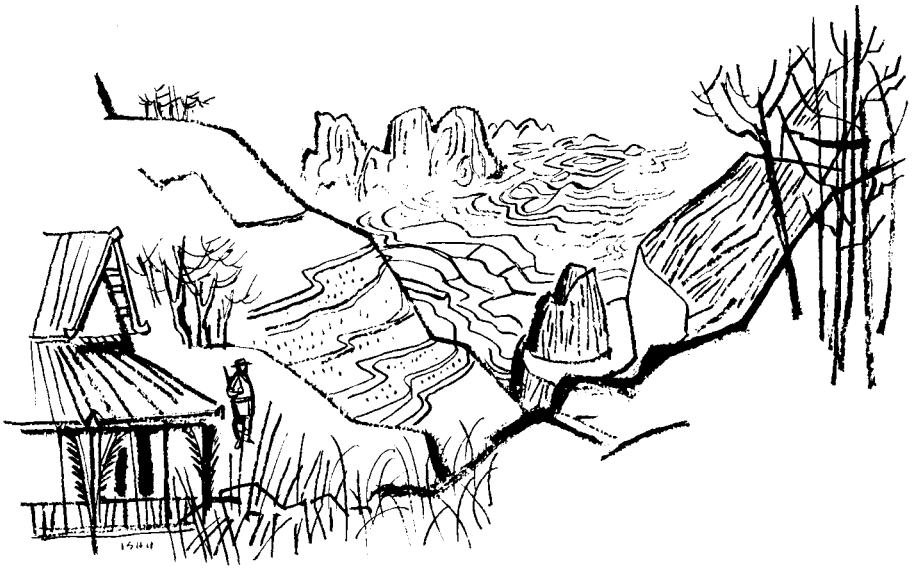
People of Indo-China

This shooting war, on which the American people will have bet more than a thousand million dollars by June of this year, is not the decisive battle for Indo-China. That battle is taking place deep in the minds of people, Vietnamese people like these:

A versatile French-educated intellectual of forty, lying on a couch in his hut, smoking a little opium, listening with his radio to the competitive broadcasts of the Communists and the French-controlled Saigon station. He has been invited to take a post in the new government. But is a job enough? He cannot freely found a party, start a newspaper, or win applause in a Senate, since under French control such privileges are lacking.

A cadet officer of twenty, living in barracks in the cool mountain resort of Dalat, Vietnam's West Point, the residence of the Head of State, Bao Dai. He is sipping tea quietly in a little café when a girl enters, slim in long white trousers and floating tunic, and sits down with him. She is an agent of the Communist Dich Van, subversive organization of the Vietminh. He is big game: a trained infantry officer.

On the far side of the mountains in Communist territory an idealistic village schoolteacher, won to the Communists by their burning zeal for literacy and "expelling the foreign exploiter." The teacher lives poorly, but with dedication. The "people's court" hanged three landlords after a mock trial by mob and Communist claque, and he looked away. After all, just a little blood, he thought at first. But now he notices the arguments of the revolution changing, getting more alien and rigid. A new elite, partly trained in China, is moving into the leadership; and to make it more confusing, the Bao Dai government—the "enemy"—has now launched land reform too, and literacy goals. A man of ideals can't decide where to hang them.



A woman whose husband was taken away by the Vietminh to work on the arms roads into China, abandoned with her fifteen-year-old son in a village where the rice paddy meets the mountains, neither firmly Vietnam nor Vietminh. What she calls the "French government" invites her: "Take your mats and your cooking pots and your clothing, and get into our truck. We are giving you a new home where you cannot be terrorized." But in the night, when the dogs are sleeping, a strange young woman dressed like a Vietminh soldier comes into her hut and tells her very politely: "The new settlements are really concentration camps. If you get inside, you can never come out. The French want to pen you up far from your ancestral tombs, where they can steal your son and put him in the puppet army."

On how these four people, and twenty-eight million like them, form their allegiance hangs the question whether the three Associated States—hustling Vietnam, slow Cambodia, and dreamy Laos—will hold against Communism or fall.

The question in all three, as elsewhere in the world, is "What are we fighting for?" And Cambodia and Laos, besides wanting protection from Chinese Communism, also want assurance that Vietnam will not swallow them.

While the United States has been talking "disengagement" and "let Asians fight Asians," the French have been cautiously putting this doctrine into practice.

After the war the French idea was "pacification first, and then we'll talk independence." In those days Ho was the nationalist anti-Japanese leader of the maquis, treating on terms of cautious comradeship with the anti-Nazi maquis of France. Forgetful Vietnamese still call the Communists *"le maquis"* or *"la résistance."*

Bao Dai

Even Bao Dai, young and already estranged from his Catholic empress, was in between. After the Vichy government capitulated to Japan, he threw in with the Japanese and declared the independence of Annam in March, 1945. When the Japanese surrendered five months later, "Uncle" Ho took him over. For eight months the heir to the ancient Empire of Annam was for all purposes a commissar, attached to the Vietminh government with the rank of "supreme counselor." Never acknowledging his imperial glory, the Communists called him—and still do—plain "Mr. Vinh Thuy." By the time he walked out in April, 1946, Bao Dai knew as much as Benes or Nagy about how a "Popular Front" operates.

The other Indo-Chinese have been slower to learn. When the Vietminh opened embassies in Peking and Moscow but snubbed Tito, a few caught on. When Vietminh began taking Chinese Communist arms and training, the nature of D.R.V., the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, became clearer.

In 1949, after three years of open

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warfare, it dawned on the French government that it could not win by military means alone without political and economic reform. The biggest question was how to bring unity into Vietnam, which has twenty-three million of Indo-China's twenty-eight million people. To get a symbol, the French turned to Bao Dai. He managed to wring from the French a bigger slice of independence than they had offered three years earlier to Ho. He rescued Cochin China from colonial status while hanging onto his ancestral Tonkin and Annam. He insisted on choosing his own Prime Minister, at least *de jure*.

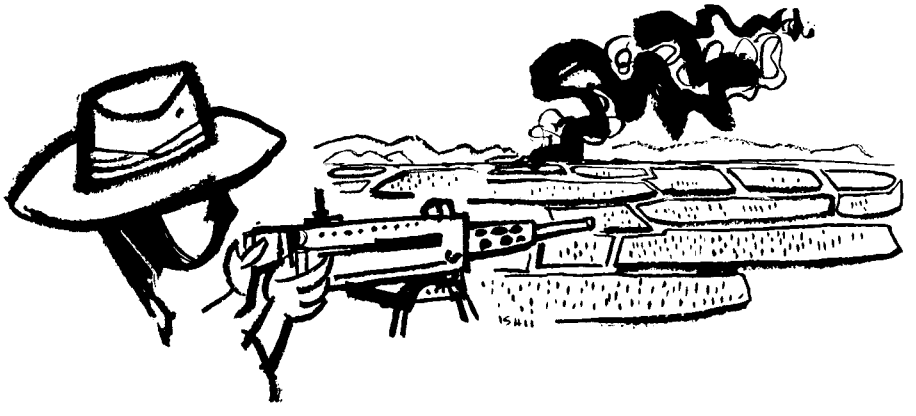
But Bao Dai had to throw overboard his first Prime Minister, the incautious Nguyen Phan Long, at French insistence. Long, dealing with the Griffin mission—first of the U.S. aid pioneers—wanted to utter his requirements directly in the Yankee ear, not through France. "I don't want to be told what I need by a government 12,000 kilometers away," he burst out. Soon afterwards the trapdoor opened and he dropped through. Later, however, Bao Dai's "fertile-earth" policy, devised with American advice, offered an answer to Ho's "scorched-earth" dogma.

THE FRENCH were slow in giving arms to the Vietnamese, especially to the home-grown "irregulars," partly because they feared the arms would be passed along to the Communists. And they were slow to concede political rights because "the natives are agitated and fearful, unready for politics."

Perhaps it was natural precaution that when the French gave Vietnam its own security police under the pockmarked, capable little flyweight fighter Nguyen Van Tam, they retained the indispensable dossiers in their own parallel Sûreté. But Tam, Premier since June and father of Vietnam chief of staff Nguyen Van Hinh, soon created his own files. Hard-boiled and efficient, he has not hesitated to snatch Vietnamese out of American missions when he thought them suspect.

The unfortunate thing about French policy is that almost every concession seems to follow a Vietminh "victory," real or fancied. France did not really begin to create a national army and to turn over to the Vietnamese certain local government bureaus until after the Reds had attacked in Korea and Ho had won alarming victories on the Chinese frontier at Langson and Caobang. But the accord of March 8, 1949, with Bao Dai, though getting more out of date every minute, still remains sacred. France still controls the treaty rights of all three nations, and enjoys a form of extraterritoriality (along with some 800,000 Chinese, many of them wealthy). The first elections since 1946 were municipal, and less than three-quarters of a million votes (all male) were cast out of a total population of about eleven million in unoccupied territories; and while Vietnamese were running for the municipal councils, Frenchmen continued to hold appointive offices in them.

The passivity of the Vietnamese outside highly paid government and army posts may be due to knowing exactly what lies at the foot of the rainbow. The citizen will get a government of his own, perhaps, but the economy will remain at least eighty-five per cent French-controlled or -owned. All the rubber trade, sixty-six per cent of the rice exports, all the mining except a few Chinese mines, all the river transport, real-estate firms, metalworking establishments, and most of the sea services will remain in French hands.



The American Role

American policy in Indo-China has been split between an unequal team: the ECA-MSA group and others in Indo-China, tied to village economy, and the State Department group in Paris, tied to the hard dilemma of western defense. Former Ambassador David Bruce, the most genial and effective figure of the Paris group, once told a party of American Senators in Paris that the value of French investments in Indo-China was only $250 million. The zero he mislaid was not important—the French are certainly not fighting the war for the Banque de l'Indochine, even at $2.5 billion—but it typifies a desire in Washington and Paris to get the Americans to endow the war without examining it critically.

The genteel blackmail used to convince Congressmen sometimes goes as far as "the French will walk out of Indo-China if we do not help." But if some specialists in French affairs in the State Department are occasionally haunted by fears of a French walkout, they, like the French, are quite aware that the prestige of France hangs on leaving at a walk, not a run, and that France could not depart suddenly and retain its prestige in North Africa, its veto power in the Security Council, or its millions of dollars in accumulated arms.

The other factor that emasculated our policy for a time in Indo-China was the annihilating personality of Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny. He came when morale was on a down curve; he accepted a command shaken by defeat on the Chinese border. He restored the line; he built forts; he ran off a cheap though spurious victory in his *"offensive budgetaire"* at Hoabinh, aimed at swinging the French Chamber into financing another year of war. When he visited Washington in September, 1951, he was never more hypnotic. "We have given our shirts and now we are asked to give our lives," he declared to the National Press Club. "Who can ask for more?"

De Lattre preferred his American

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partnership in guns, trucks, and planes, with as little advice as possible. Though generally admitting that Indo-China was a liability to France, he seemed to harbor a tormenting doubt that it might turn out to be an asset to America. "You Americans are expanding, pushing in your reporters, missionaries, propagandists," he said. "I understand it historically. But as a Frenchman I don't like it."

MISSION chief Robert Blum, the gentle but realistic Yale teacher of international relations who ran ECA in Indo-China, insisted that his $22 million annually be spent the way the U.S. wanted it spent. Blum wanted a rice-roots program, decentralized into village welfare, housing, and sanitation. The French wanted the American help to be spent on capital investments and imported goods from France, on roads and bulk materials, centralized and remote from the villages. Blum won his battle.

The generals who followed de Lattre have been less obsessed than he with the fear that American help might be met with Vietnamese gratitude. Yet at a rally of forces I saw in Hanoi, both political and military, not a single American flag was shown, not even as decoration.

When I was in Tonkin, the Americans seemed neurotically afraid of asking even for the simple rights of an ally. The most important thing for the Americans to know, on account of Korea, was what the Chinese were doing in South China under the conqueror of Manchuria, General Lin Piao; but the vast, embattled delta was being covered by one military attaché, an intelligent but overworked colonel who lacked even a sergeant to write his reports.

A New Course

The United States owes something to France in Indo-China and something to itself. To France it owes, besides arms where needed, a promise that if the Chinese Reds increase their army of six thousand "supply sergeants" the United States will reply with swift retaliation.

To itself the United States owes an obligation to analyze more thoroughly the rate of supply and the efficiency of maintenance and use. The French have been thrifty, and good at maintenance except on some types of aircraft. To arm lightly without artillery or heavy transport the hundred-odd Vietnamese battalions of about eight hundred men intended for jungle commandos is an expense that can be kept under close control. If the United States is also to pay the high wage rates of these troops,

a long-term plan for passing at least part of the bill back to the big French corporations and the Vietnamese taxpayer should be arranged. Our military attaché should be given direct access to all Communist prisoners, as well as access to interrogation documents and combat records of the army.

The American political program should be such as to keep the French apprised that their stout future ally is not the American taxpayer but the Vietnamese nationalist. Bao Dai is not ashamed to woo this undeclared middleman or even his Vietminh enemy. (*"Je n'ai jamais jeté l'exclusif contre personne."*)

THE FIRST aim of such a program must be genuine independence for the three states, not under either French or American tutelage and associated with the French Union only in such degree as the peoples genuinely desire. This genuine independence is the only way that Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos can win the respect of the Asian states, which now almost wholly refuse to recognize them. Such "recognitions" as might be extorted by American pressure from the Philippines, Japan, and Formosa have small value. Pakistan, Burma, Indonesia, and India must be persuaded to give their recognition, and their votes in the United Nations.

The second political aim must be that France's mission and its sacrifices are recognized, but as a gallant act, not as a mortgage. France must learn that the quadripartite arrangement of the "Associated States" will gradually wither away and must even bring to an end its leading role, as happened in the Levant with Lebanon and Syria. It is France's job, in its own interest, to see that this disengagement happens more gracefully in Indo-China.

The third political aim must be that France is reassured. Reassurance means that if Red China gets tired of its present peace drive and moves southward again for conquest, France must have help in protecting the three Associated States. And the indecisive Indo-Chinese fence sitters must be assured by our actions that America's stake in their security and independence will endure.

THE ECONOMIC role of the United States is not large at this stage. A slow rice-roots program, with advisory rather than large-scale activity, seems advisable. The ownership of Indo-China's economy and resources should pass gradually and legally into the hands of the Indo-Chinese, away from the Chinese and French. Vigorous extension of land reform and of agricultural credits is the first step. The next is to provide the Vietnamese with means to buy a managerial share in business.

To house in guarded settlements the refugees of the Tonkin delta is the immediate task. The farther the United States stays away from building big subsidized apartments filled with Indo-Chinese bureaucrats, the better. But the nearer America moves toward the farmer, both as voter and as sower, the closer we shall be to Asia.

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Build-up and Letdown In the Philippines

DAVID BERNSTEIN

HALF a century ago, when the United States, in a fit of absent-minded imperialism, annexed the Philippines and found a full-fledged rebellion on its hands, President McKinley sent for the president of Cornell University, Jacob Gould Schurman. He asked Schurman to head a civilian commission to "adjust differences" in the islands.

"Mr. President," said Schurman, "there is only one difficulty. I am opposed to your Philippine policy. I never wanted the Philippine Islands."

"That need not trouble you," replied McKinley, "I didn't want the Philippine Islands either, and in the protocol to the treaty [with Spain] I left myself free not to take them, but in the end there was no alternative."

So Schurman went to Manila. Two years later he announced:

"The destiny of the Philippine Islands is not to be a State or territory in the United States of America, but a daughter republic of ours—a new birth of liberty on the other side of the Pacific, which shall animate and energize these lovely islands of the tropical seas, and, rearing its head aloft, stand as a monument of progress and a beacon of hope to all the oppressed and benighted millions of the Asiatic continent."

Since 1899 the islands have gone through a bloody insurrection, forty years of steady progress, a four-year ordeal of war and occupation ended by a highly destructive liberation, and finally, in 1946, the achievement of full independence at a time when Asia was becoming a testing ground of Communism and democracy.

We are still not quite sure why we are so deeply involved there; but we still tend to regard the archipelago as a "daughter republic" which ought to be a monument of progress, a beacon of hope, and a symbol of America's good faith in the eyes of all Asia.

At the moment, unfortunately, the monument seems a little cracked, the beacon a little dim, and the symbol a little confusing. If America is to be judged by conditions in the Philippines today, we are not doing so well.

President Elpidio Quirino's Administration is increasingly unpopular, and graft and vote stealing are taken for granted—perhaps even where they do not occur. The Communist-led Huks are still in revolt, although their operations are not so widespread as they were a year or two ago. The bloodcurdling inequities of land tenure continue. As for the United States, the Filipinos do not hate us; but nearly everything we do seems to increase the atmosphere of mutual irritation, and our own officials lose their patience just as often as their Filipino opposite numbers.

Reborn or Just Rebuilt?

A Filipino who had left Manila just after its liberation in 1945 tried to find words for his impressions on returning a few weeks ago:

"Manila's rebirth is phenomenal. New buildings, new homes, new apartment houses, feverish construction in every vacant lot. The old landmarks gone. Big new advertising signs: *Ford! Rita Is Back! Coca-Cola!* Thanks to American aid, what in 1945 were crumbled heaps of masonry and twisted steel are now imposing government buildings. Twenty thousand new buildings between 1948 and 1951, and a lot more started last year.

"But I found Manila strange and disturbing. A newspaperman told me: 'It's like Japanese times, only worse. At least there was a semblance of order then. Today there is only chaos.' An exaggeration, I thought. But not after you get to know the city. Manila is an overgrown boom town. Life is hectic and insecure. One lives by one's wits—and gall. Human life is cheap. Gunplay, robbery, murder, gambling. It is like a jungle in which a million and a half people fight to survive."

MANILA is, of course, no index to the Philippines. Three-quarters of the people live in the provinces, in the little barrios at the ends of dusty roads, in nipa huts amid the eternal greenness of the islands. These are the Filipino peasants, the taos. In recent years the tao has begun to resent his condition more and more, especially in the ricelands, and from time to time his anger has flared into open revolt. The Communists are only the most recent, and the most determined, exploiters of the all too legitimate complaints of the taos.

The simple fact, of course, is that the average tao works a farm too small to support his family. He earns about $250 a year, half of which is his to spend, if he is lucky. The rest goes to the village usurer and to the absentee landlord. There are few places in Asia in which land distribution is more unequal than in the Philippines. In the rice country of Central Luzon, ninety-eight per cent of the land belongs to three per cent of the population. Utter apathy or desperate rebelliousness is the result. The area has, inevitably, become the

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heartland of the Hukbalahap revolt.

The Huks, led by an energetic young Communist named Luis Taruc, were effective partisan fighters against the Japanese during the Second World War. Then, as the cold war began, they turned against the Philippine government. Their influence spread to other parts of Luzon and traveled to other islands—Panay, Cebu, Mindoro, and especially the sugar-rich island of Negros. They were not only trouble in themselves but symptoms of a serious disease; for while the leaders were Communists, the followers were simply bewildered but angry peasants.

In 1950 an American mission headed by a Washington banker, Daniel W. Bell, made an intensive study of the whole Philippine situation and presented a report remarkable for its candor. It criticized the "great inertia on the part of the government to give really serious consideration to agriculture's besetting handicaps and long-standing maladjustments." It suggested sweeping reforms in agriculture and in virtually every other sector of the Philippine economy, and urged that the United States get tough about making sure that at least the essentials be carried out.

THE Mutual Security Agency dispatched a large mission to Manila, and technicians swarmed through the city and across the countryside. Dozens of worthwhile projects were begun; important new laws were argued through the Philippine Congress; dams and industrial enterprises were started; fertilizers were distributed to thousands of farmers and efforts were made to spread new ideas of farming methods; buildings went up in Manila; and there was febrile activity in the military bases on which the United States holds ninety-nine-year leases. Most important, the skyrocketing inflationary pressures were steadily brought under control. Taxes were drastically increased to help bring the budget in balance. And the increase in raw-material exports caused by the Korean War helped the Philippine economy greatly.

Despite these successes, to the average Filipino the progress so far does not seem very dramatic or very personal. He is still inclined to believe that, either in spite of or because of the billions of dollars America has poured into the islands since liberation, the rich are richer and the poor are poorer.

As for land reform, everyone has a different solution. Several years ago, the Philippine government sought to achieve it by enacting laws that would protect the farmer's right to retain the value of seventy per cent of his crop, defending him against creditors and landlords. The law is still on the books, but it has not been enforced. The Huk solution is simpler: Take the land from the landlords and give it to the peasants. As a slogan, this is unbeatable. As a solution, it leaves much to be desired, for if all the land now cultivated were equitably redistributed, no farm family would have enough land to support itself.

A third solution is resettlement in the huge southern island of Mindanao. There are vast tracts there that lend themselves to successful farming, and for some time a stream of migrants, willing and half willing, flowed into them. But the trip was long; rumors began drifting northward that conditions were not necessarily as advertised; and it is hard to argue any farmer into trying something new.

Currently American experts are pointing out that there are countless acres of cultivable land not only on Mindanao but on all the islands; that the large estates ought indeed to be broken up; that, except for the primitive Igorots, the Filipinos have rarely bothered to terrace their hillsides; that a vast program of agricultural education must start quickly; and that what is needed is a kind of internal reshuffling of farmers able to use new methods and grow a greater variety of crops.

Magsaysay the Savior?

Meanwhile, the Huk problem remains. It has diminished since the late 1940's mostly because of the efforts of Ramón Magsaysay, who, as Secretary of Defense from September, 1950, until a few weeks ago, depended heavily on American advisers. His technique involved a skillful combination of force and persuasion.

As to force, Magsaysay launched one military campaign after another, managing to break the Huks in every part of the country except their stronghold in Central Luzon. To do this he had to clean up the Army and give it a spirit of confidence. With U.S. help, he changed it from a lax and ineffective force into a spirited fighting team. Meantime, he offered official amnesty to repentant Huks, plus a chance for them to homestead in Mindanao. The Huks have never presented as much of a threat as, for instance, the Viet Minh in Indo-China, and Magsaysay has cut down their influence for the moment, but there remain the hard core of Taruc's followers and the larger body of unhappy, vengeful peasants.

Magsaysay's partial success has made him a potent new political figure in the Philippines. If the November elections for the Presidency of the Philippines were to be held among the Americans in Manila, he would probably win by a landslide. Whether he will win in an election entirely decided by his fellow countrymen depends on the vagaries of Philippine politics.

These vagaries have a direct bearing on American policy and prestige in the Far East. Our close ties to the Philippines have led us into a curious dilemma. Our massive interven-

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tion, carried on under an official policy of unwillingness to intervene, has consisted in much technical advice plus some quiet but effective political public-relations activities by well-meaning officials. As a result of the latter activities, we are, by implication at least, opposing Quirino's pro-American party and backing a leader, Magsaysay, who has been adopted by an Opposition party whose boss is bitterly anti-American.

PRESIDENT QUIRINO'S intentions, ideologically, are undoubtedly sincere. He supports American foreign policy. He tries to maintain the traditional forms of democratic government (though the 1949 elections are still considered by many to have been rigged by him). By these criteria, one would assume that the Americans would be happy with Quirino. They are not, nor have they been for years.

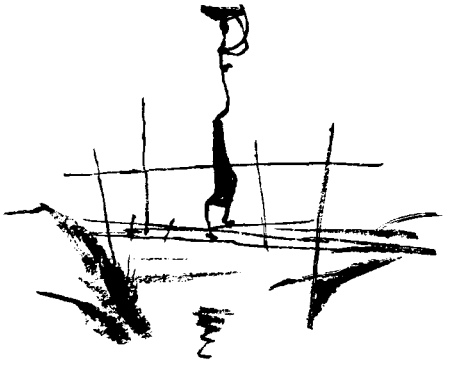
His trouble is that he is a mediocre man, swayed by powerful and reactionary forces in Manila, unable to capture the imaginations of Filipinos, who dearly love a colorful personality like the late Manuel L. Quezon—or, for that matter, Douglas MacArthur. Quirino temporizes, bends with the wind; he has the strength largely of his weaknesses, his little furies, his unpredictability—and of his power over a going political machine, however shaken by recent defections. He inherited an atmosphere of corruption when he succeeded President Manuel A. Roxas on the latter's death in 1947—an atmosphere largely the result of a postwar breakdown in morale which has by no means been limited to the Philippines. But the scandals and rumors of scandals have continued. One of Quirino's brothers was accused in the Senate of taking a kickback when some property was sold to the government. Three Quirino brothers, along with more than a hundred members of Congress, were implicated in an immigration racket involving Chinese in 1947 and 1948. Liberal Party leaders have been charged with extorting money from businessmen in need of import licenses.

But in the long run, the most serious charge of all is that Quirino has not solved the land problem.

Last December, Robert S. Hardie, a land-tenure specialist for the Mutual Security Agency, filed a document so blunt that the Quirino Administration was moved to counterattack. Two paragraphs will give an idea of the tone of the Hardie Report:

"Open rebellion and murderous violence rooted in and fed by tenant discontent is at present endemic to Central Luzon and a few scattered areas, but the causes of discontent characterize the whole of Philippine agriculture. There is no reason to believe, unless the cause be remedied, that rebellion will not spread. Neither is there any reason to believe that the rebellious spirit, nurtured by years of poverty and strife, will be broken by the force of arms or appeased by palliatives in the form of a questionable security in Mindanao. Relief from the oppressive burden of *caciquism* [the landlord system] has been too long sought—and too long denied. Years of privation, suppression and empty promises have served, apparently, to endow tenant demands with a moral as well as an economic character. . . .

"It is apparent that, until remedied, the land tenure system stands as an obstacle thwarting all efforts of the United States to foster the development of a stable and democratic economy. But over and above all this, continuation of the system fosters the growth of communism



and harms the United States position. Unless corrected, it is easy to conceive of the situation worsening to a point where the United States would be forced to take direct, expensive, and arbitrary steps to insure against loss of the Philippines to the Communist bloc in Asia—and would still be faced with finding a solution to the underlying problem."

Privately the Quirino Administration argued that Hardie had been too greatly influenced by the American experience in postwar Japan. Publicly it staged a tantrum patterned on the behavior of Senator Joseph McCarthy. Quirino's spokesmen implied that Hardie was under Communist influence and that his report did not have official American sanction. Speaker Eugenio Pérez, who leads the Quirino faction in the House of Representatives, even demanded that the Philippine government have the right to screen "so-called experts" brought in by MSA. A delegation of tenants was handily rounded up for a visit to Malacañan Palace, where they assured the President that things were just fine in the Huk country of Central Luzon. According to a government press release, they told Quirino that "they had no knowledge of any big estates, feudalistic system or defective land tenure which was causing discontent among the Central Luzon tenants."

The Indestructible Laurel

Ranged against President Quirino is the Nacionalista Party, headed by a man with a neurotic animus against America. Senator José P. Laurel, who as puppet President of the Philippines during the Japanese occupation declared war on the United States, is a man of real intellectual brilliance—a brilliance that has enabled him to overcome the stigma of his collaborationist past and even to acquire some of the rewarding attributes of the martyr. There are still many Filipinos, including Laurel himself, who believe that he was robbed of election to the Presidency in 1949. And today Laurel represents, in the eyes of many of his countrymen, the principles of clean government, of honesty, of integrity, and above all of independence. In the completely honest 1951 Senatorial elections he got nearly twice as many votes as the most successful Liberal Party candidate.

It would be hard for Americans to be enthusiastic about Laurel. But Ramón Magsaysay is another story. He has fought the Huks; he was responsible for the immaculate honesty of the 1951 elections; and he has

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the support of the Army (or at least parts of it). Most impressive to his American backers is Magsaysay's quality of the "self-made" American executive—a bluff, affable directness that could be called "sincere" as the word was used in *The Hucksters*. If he is not quite the sophisticated, shrewd, and competent leader that a President ought to be, that, his American backers think, can be overlooked in the light of his virtues.

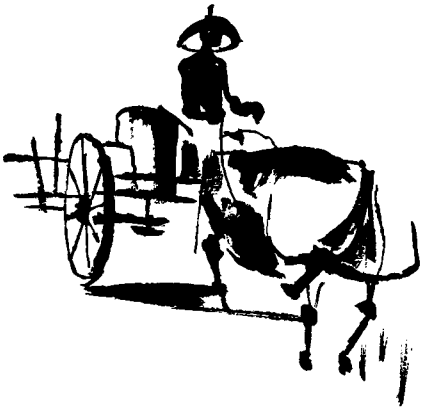
Magsaysay cannot run for office on the ticket of the pro-American party. For that is Quirino's Liberal Party, and Quirino has announced his own candidacy. In February the President asked the pre-nominating convention of the Liberal Party directorate rhetorically, "If it is necessary, and if you believe I can make this Republic enduring, although I am not indispensable, why should I not sacrifice myself and run for re-election?"

The formula was somewhat more Oriental than is customary in Philippine politics, but the meaning was clear enough—except to those skeptical Filipinos who wondered whether at the last minute Quirino might decide to bow out in favor of Senator Tomás Cabili, Vice-President Fernando López, Senator Quintin Paredes, Speaker Pérez, Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo, or some other Liberal hopeful. Apparently some of Quirino's own people think this would be their party's only salvation. One Congressman has remarked, "Anybody but Mr. Elpidio Quirino could be a stronger candidate for the Liberal Party."

Recently Manila began to hum with the rumor that Quirino had sounded out Ambassador Carlos P. Romulo on the possibility of his running for Vice-President on a Quirino ticket. Since the Philippine Constitution forbids anyone to serve more than eight consecutive years as President, a Vice-President elected with Quirino this year would automatically become President in two years. Romulo himself has said nothing about the rumor. In recent weeks he has been preoccupied with the doings of the U.N. Security Council as it juggled possible choices of a successor to Trygve Lie. He is properly loyal to the Administration he represents, and argues that it has done a good job under difficult conditions. But as a sensible politician and diplomat, he is keeping mum about his role in home politics.

In Manila, four days after Quirino's announcement of his candidacy, Magsaysay stole all the headlines by resigning from the Cabinet (where his position had become untenable because of his outspoken disagreement with Quirino on Huk tactics and land reform), formally joining the Nacionalista Opposition, and hurling a blast at his former chief. "It would be useless for me to continue as Secretary of National Defense with the specific duty of killing Huks," he said, "as long as the Administration continues to foster and tolerate conditions which offer a fertile soil for Communism." He charged that the government was "full of crooks and grafters who suck the blood and money of taxpayers to enrich themselves."

As for Senator Laurel, he welcomed Magsaysay eagerly. He announced that he was giving up all thought of seeking the Nacionalista candidacy himself, and was backing Magsaysay to the hilt. If Laurel holds to this promise, his party will present one of the most startling



examples on record of strange bedfellows in politics, for Magsaysay would then have the support both of many Americans and of the outstanding America-hater in the Philippines.

Quirino seems more and more worried about Philippine Army support for his former lieutenant. He has appealed to the Army to stay out of the campaign. He has shifted or removed scores of officers and even enlisted men who were close to Magsaysay. He has launched a "deglamorize Magsaysay" campaign, for he charges that Army propagandists spent large sums to build up the former Defense Secretary. Most of all, though, he is worried about signs of surreptitious American support for Magsaysay. Although U.S. Ambassador Raymond A. Spruance had issued a public statement warning Americans that it was against the law to become involved in Philippine politics, Quirino recently thought he saw signs of a conspiracy when U.S. Embassy functions honoring Adlai Stevenson swarmed with Nacionalista leaders.

The Bamboo Dance

In one sense, the American political dilemma in the "daughter republic" is not so great as the Embassy officials, the MSA people, and the representatives of other U.S. agencies may believe. For unless the Filipinos should elect a Communist, which is as close to impossible as anything can be in Asia, whoever occupies Malacañan Palace after the November voting must face the same issues in probably about the same way. None of the possible candidates has the drive and drama of a Quezon, unless one circles the remotely possible name of Romulo and writes a question mark alongside it. But all of the possible candidates will have to bow to the logic of geography, of history, of the cold war, and of international commerce—all of which compel the Philippines to take the anti-Communist position, willy-nilly.

The question is how strong that position will be. And here the substance of the Hardie Report, for example, will be more important than all the lively steps of the political bamboo dance that Quirino, Laurel, and Magsaysay will perform.

Whoever wins, the United States will have a claim upon his friendship and he will have a claim upon our support. Quirino's Administration has proved that U.S. economic support, no matter how massive, is no substitute for courage at the top—though it can be crucial when the courage is there. Magsaysay, if he becomes President, may prove that courage and the ardent build-up of his U.S. backers are no substitutes for an ability to grasp basic political and economic urgencies.

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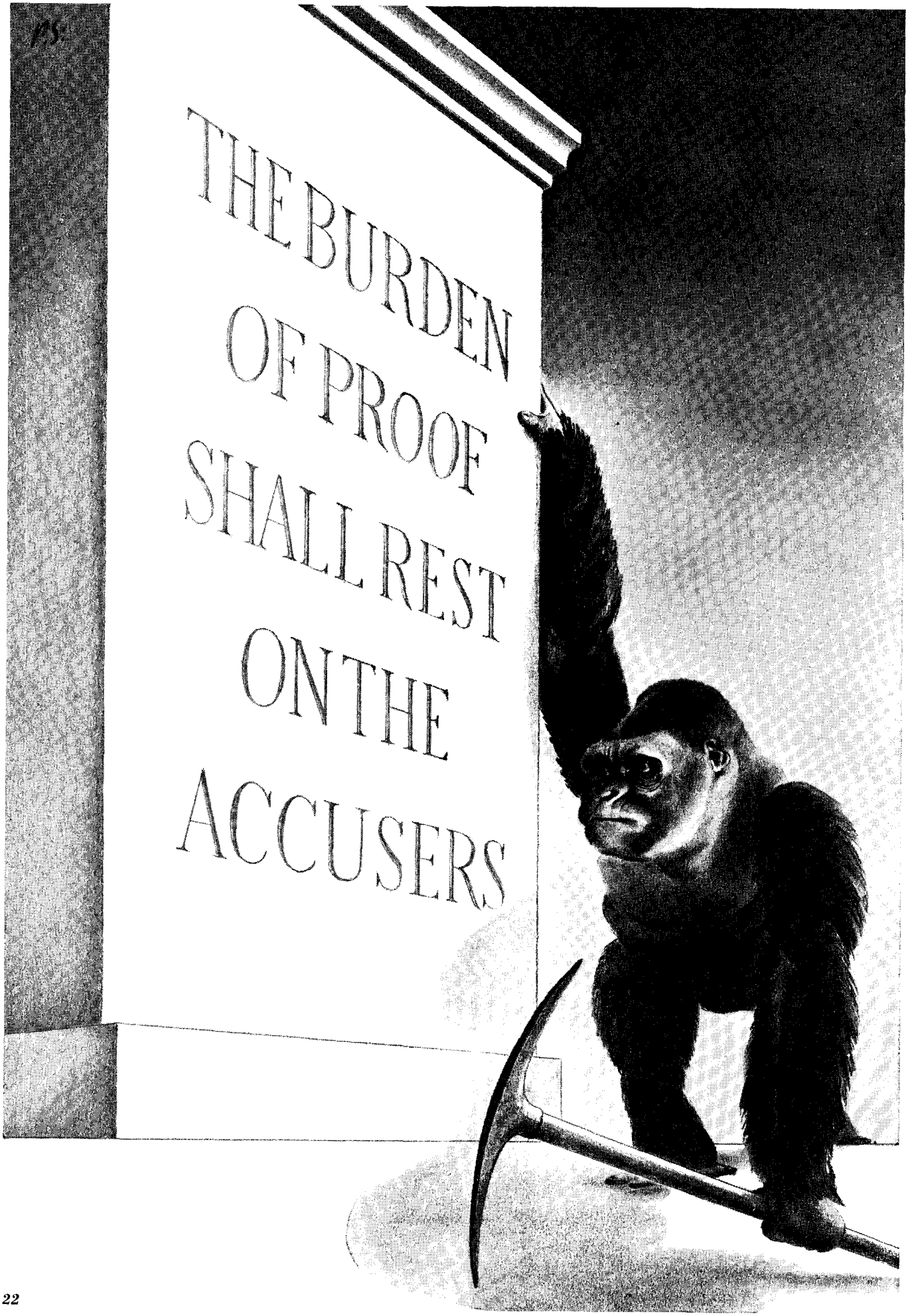

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The Flying Sauceress

A down-to-earth dialogue on atomic secrecy

MICHAEL AMRINE

IN THIS *Atomic Age it is important for every citizen to distinguish between that which is fantasy and that which is merely fantastic.*

I was reading through a civil-defense report the other evening in the quiet of my study, pleasantly contemplating, as is my habit, the genius that can create hydrogen bombs, rockets, jets, flame throwers, and missiles to span three thousand miles and destroy cities by remote control.

Looking out the window, I saw a flying saucer—one of the convertible models with a top that slides back into the body—land upon my front lawn. From it dismounted an attractive female. That is, she was not unattractive, except that she had three heads. One head was blond, one brunette, and one auburn.

To make a dull evening as short as possible in the telling, suffice it to say that the Flying Sauceress seated herself in my living room, after due introduction and invitation, and proceeded to explain that because of my familiarity with the atomic bomb—I am a writer specializing on the subject of atomic energy—she had come to me for some publishable atomic information.

I print the interview here just as it was taken down on a recording machine. I only caution you to notice that since flying saucers are imaginary, the questions below are pure fantasy. The answers, however, are merely fantastic. In each case, the answers, to the best of my knowledge and belief, are true.

Q: We have reliable information, up home, that you have atomic bombs here on earth, but we understand that you are keeping them secret from each other.

A: That is correct. There is nothing on earth more secret than an atomic secret. Ours are secret, the Britishers' are secret, and the Russians' are secret.

Q: I don't quite understand. Scientists say that half the secret of making anything is to know that it can be made. At the end of the war America announced that it had made atomic bombs.

A: Yes, I believe there was something in the papers about it at the time. Since then "atom" has become one of the most commonly used words in our vocabulary.

Q: Then what is secret?

A: Well, that's exactly what *is* secret.

Q: I don't understand.

A: Well, there's always a lot in the papers about secrets and about atoms, but the main thing is that there must be secrets, and naturally they are secret. We have to believe that; otherwise we would certainly be wasting a lot of money.

Q: How much money do you call a lot of money?

A: A very important person up at the Capitol told me that to date all the money to protect atomic secrets had come to a total of a billion dollars.

Q: Well, if dollars were stars, a billion would even make a bulge in the Milky Way. I'd call it a lot. Do you think the man knew what he was talking about?

A: Oh, he knew all right. And it stands to reason. We have spent about six billion dollars for bombs and secrets. So the man said the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy was going to try to find out just how much of it had gone for fences and guards, and safes and putting things out in the country to be secret, and building high walls, and taking up approximately ten per cent of every working day in checking papers and passes, and spending approximately two thousand dollars a person to investigate about half a million people, and spending maybe two thousand apiece to investigate some investigators, and then investigating those investigators, and so on.

Q: I don't doubt it could be a billion—but why don't you tell me the name of the man who told you,

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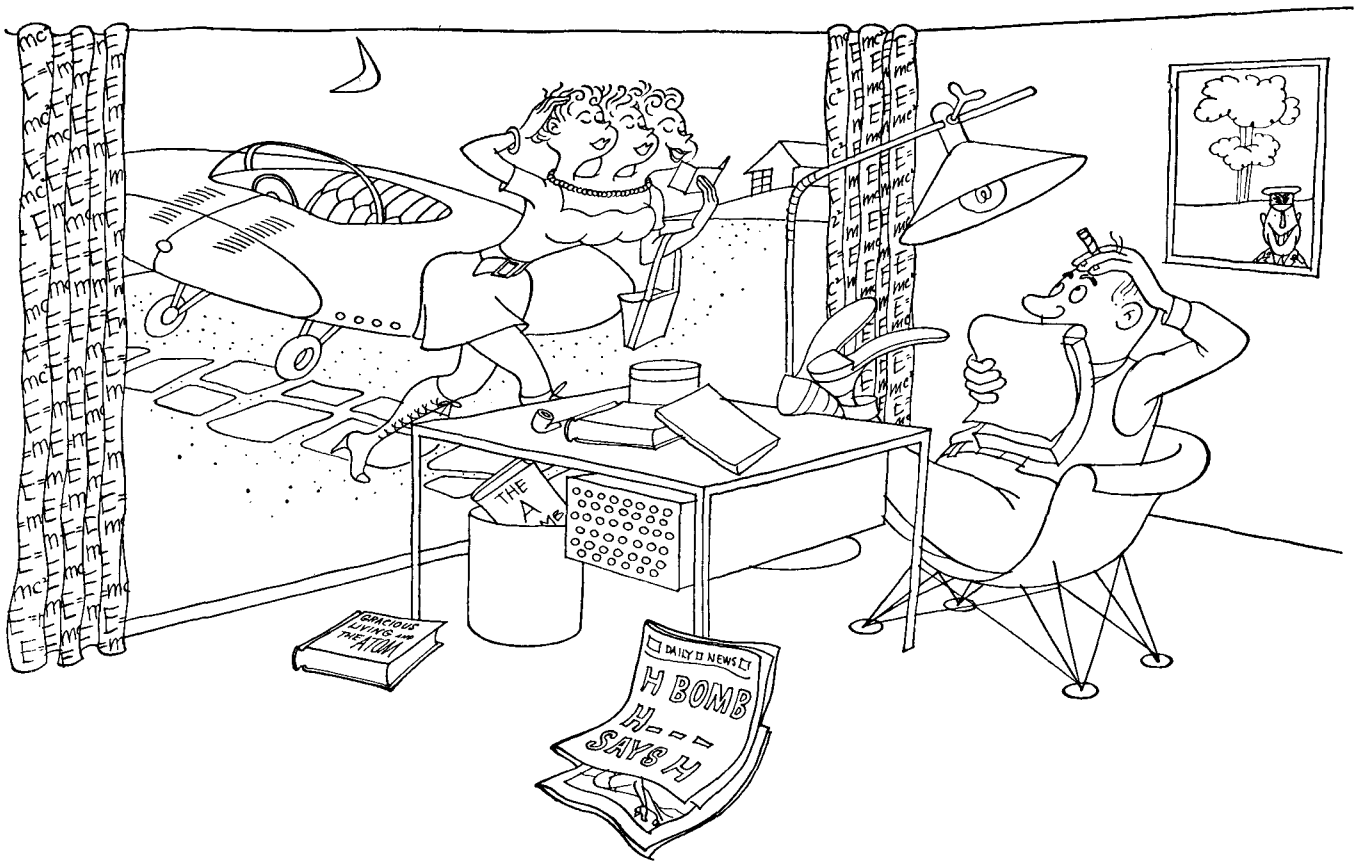

if he is such a terribly high official?

A: Well, he's not so high that he wouldn't rather wait until the Joint Committee finds out just exactly how much, and he says they are having a rough time finding out from the Atomic Energy Commission. After all, maybe the Russians would learn something from it.

Q: What do the Russians care how much you spent keeping them from getting the atomic bomb? They have the bomb, don't they?

A: Please don't ask the complicated questions first. Some say one thing and then say another. For example, the President we have now says they do, and the President before that said that they did, but now that he has become an *ex*-President he says they don't.

Q: I don't understand.

A: You're not the only one.

Q: How did the President get his information about the bomb?

A: Mr. Truman first heard of it from Secretary of State James Byrnes two weeks after he became President, on the death of Mr. Roosevelt.

Q: You mean he learned about the Russian bomb then?

A: No, that was when he learned of the American bomb—it was still just a project, but at that time it was judged pretty certain to be successful.

Q: It seems to me that someone might have told Mr. Truman about it when he was Vice-President. But you misunderstood my question. What I am asking is how he learned of the *Russian* bomb.

A: He never said, either then or later. I believe that's one reason people find it hard to know what to believe—they don't know what evidence Mr. Truman had to say there was a Russian atomic explosion, and they don't know what evidence he has that there *isn't* a Russian bomb.

Q: What evidence do *you* have that the Russians have a bomb?

A: Scientifically speaking, an atomic bomb is the hardest thing in the world to hide. It is the biggest thing man has ever done. To begin with, the mushroom itself is ten miles high—that means you can see it for maybe fifty or seventy-five miles on a clear day in level country. Then the flash of light can be seen for two hundred miles, maybe farther at night. After that comes the radioactive cloud—and that travels all the way around the earth, dropping particles of radioactive dust, which any scientist can detect with relatively simple instruments.

Q: And this is what you want to keep secret?

A: You'll have to be patient, Miss Sauceress. I'm trying to explain.

Q: I may be out of this world, but I'm not crazy. Now, tell me this: How large might a hydrogen bomb be, and about how many people would know about it if one had been exploded?

A: This can only be conjecture, Miss Sauceress. There were forty thousand people at the first Bikini tests. Then there were ten thousand out there at the first Eniwetok tests. So there might have been ten thousand out there at the recent "thermonuclear experiments." If there were a hydrogen bomb, the mushroom might be thirty miles high.

Q: And you want to keep *this* secret? It doesn't make sense to me to think you can show thousands of people the hugest thing mankind has ever done—the hydrogen bomb—and keep it under a blanket.

A: That's just conjecture, Miss

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Sauceress. And I wish you wouldn't talk about the hydrogen bomb as if it existed. We don't *know* that it has arrived. No official has told us.

Q: What was all that stuff in the papers that sailors wrote home from the Pacific?

A: Can you believe stories that sailors write home?

Q: I love sailors. I look on myself as a sailor in space.

A: I don't think you are trying to understand. Sailors aren't *official.* You could get into a lot of trouble passing on loose talk about the hydrogen bomb. We had a scientist in this country who wrote an article on it for a reputable magazine—the *Scientific American*—and the authorities caught up with it in the nick of time. They even wrote friends to whom the scientist had sent some calculations and made them tear up their manuscripts.

Q: How about President Truman in that speech of his? Didn't he say you had "entered the hydrogen era"? What did he mean?

A: I don't know what he meant. If I did know, I wouldn't tell you. I wouldn't tell anybody.

Q: Couldn't you guess?

A: Not me. I don't even look in the mirror when I am thinking about it. I'm afraid I might tell myself something it would be better not to know.

Q: But a little later on some official may say there *is* a hydrogen bomb, and you'll be expected to know it for certain then, won't you?

A: Yes indeed. Then, you see, it would be our *duty* to know it. But now, even if I knew it, you see—and believe me, on bended knee, I don't know anything about it—*now,* you understand, it is my duty not to know it. Understand?

Q: I'll tell you what it sounds like to me. There are a lot of ignorant people on flying saucers, and when people came to our place and said they had seen earths in the sky, most of our people just scoffed and laughed. "Flying earths!" they snickered. "Who ever heard of flying earths?" Finally, we passed a law saying that everybody had to believe in flying earths. Is that how you do it here?

A: That's the way they do it in Russia.

Q: Russia—that reminds me. How did Mr. Truman ever get word—if he did get word—that Russia had the atomic bomb?

A: I can only give you my opinion. Perhaps we have spies in Russian atomic plants. I wouldn't know.

Q: You mean you have human beings who spy on one another? We flying-saucer people used to speculate about that. Perhaps, we used to say to ourselves, you were spying on us while we spied on you.

A: Certainly we have spies. The Russians have spies, too. They had spies over here who learned about the atomic project, and even delivered uranium to Russia. They reported on the atomic project to Russia back in 1942. So, as it turned out, Stalin knew of our atomic project years before Mr. Truman did.

Q: I'm afraid we're going to have to start at the beginning and do it all over again. I have a headsache. And unless you have three heads you don't know what it is to have a headsache. Let's try to stay on one subject. You say the President could have learned the Russian atomic secret from spies, and it seemed to me you were starting to say he could have learned scientifically. If the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy has evidence that the Russians have atomic bombs, then why doesn't it say so?

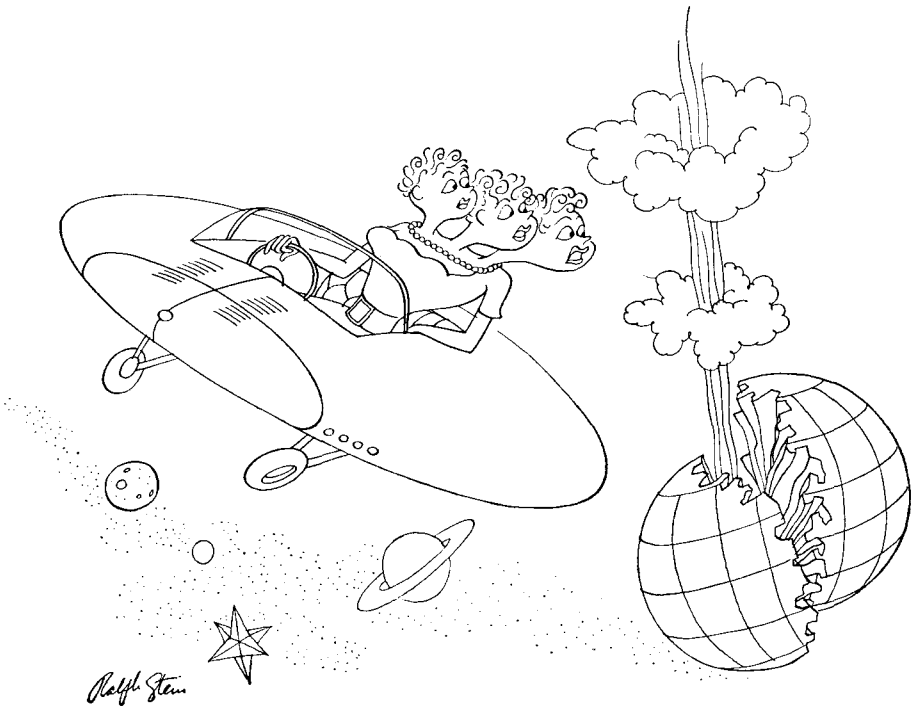
A: I'm not going to talk to you if you're going to be impertinent. In this country, it's just about against the law to be impertinent about atomic secrets. You can joke about the atomic bomb itself all you want—if a man wants to call a strip-tease dancer the Atomic Bombshell, that is perfectly all right—but if he dares make fun of the *secrets,* he is either a little crazy or subversive, or maybe one of those nutty atomic scientists. Now I've tried and tried to explain to you that if I had scientific evidence that the Russians had atomic bombs, I couldn't tell you about it, because it would be secret.

Q: Don't the Russians know they have atomic bombs?

A: They didn't say much about it in their own papers until we took the lid off and said they had it. Then they said sure, they had lots of them.

Q: What did the Russians say when Mr. Truman put the lid back on and said they didn't have any?

A: They just laughed at first. Then, naturally, they got mad. Then they said Mr. Truman was pretty mean to say they weren't making bombs. You see, the Russians have no more consistent a policy than ours. They used to say they weren't interested in bombs at all—for years they said that, as loud as they could. All they wanted, they said, was peaceful atomic power. We used to accuse them of being interested in



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bombs, and they used to get mad. But now, you see, when anyone says they haven't any atomic bombs they get just as mad.

Q: I'm beginning to understand the earth. You know, from space the first thing you notice about the earth is that it keeps turning around and around—like a top. Now tell me, do you think the Russians might have more than three bombs?

A: Three is official. The Russians have had three bombs.

Q: But maybe they could have more? And maybe your government would tell you, and maybe it wouldn't.

A: I refuse to answer—on the usual grounds.

Q: It's very hard to tell whether you really know anything, or whether you are just pretending to be secret about something you really know nothing about.

A: That's the way with the whole world. Right now anyone who agrees with Truman that the Russians don't have it is considered either stupid or subversive—we all ought to know that we know the Russians' atomic secrets. But that's a far different thing from saying that the Russians might know ours. You see that, I hope.

Q: If I had sixteen eyes instead of six, I couldn't see it more clearly! And it seems to me maybe the Russians could have more bombs. Maybe they could even have the hydrogen bomb. And the radioactivity of every bomb goes up in the air for thousands of miles, so the scientists of the world can know all about it, and the Russian leaders can know that, and your leaders can know about how many *they* touch off . . . and *their* leaders know pretty well how many you have, and likewise your leaders know that their leaders know . . . and so forth and so forth. But the average man doesn't know anything except what's official—and what's official is always changing.

A: Correct. Now it is penetrating your heads—as clear as crystal.

Q: So maybe the thing for me to do is to wait for the Russians to announce your hydrogen bombs—unless of course your side announces their hydrogen bombs first. Now tell me one more thing: How long do you think this business will last?

A: It will last as long as the human race and the atomic arms race, I suppose.

Q: Perhaps one of them will end sooner than you think—or perhaps they will terminate together.

A: Yes, our new President said in his Inaugural Address that science might soon confer upon us "the power to erase human life from this planet."

Q: But you atomic experts can't tell me exactly what he meant by that. If the government wants you to know more about it, it will tell you.

A: Correct. For centuries there was more and more that men wanted to know. Now we know a whole lot more—except we don't know it.

Q: Maybe men really *don't* want to know.

A: No "maybe" about it. It's more comfortable—and besides, we don't have three heads each.

Q: It seems to me that you have lost the heads you had!

With a flash of fire she was gone, and I returned to a dull workaday world—where you can be sure that what you don't know may hurt you, but if you don't know it you can't worry about it. Or can you?

The President And the Press

DOUGLASS CATER

A degree of calm has returned to the lobby in the west wing of the White House. Amid the usual bustle of visitors arriving and departing, reporters lounge on leather sofas along the route to the President's office and the poker game is in full swing back in the far corner of the little press room just to the right of the entrance door. No longer is there panic in the air. The veteran members of the White House Press Association are once more composed and relaxed. They are not worried. An institution—the weekly press conference—has been preserved, and with its preservation the White House Press Association will continue to be the elite of the Washington press corps.

In retrospect, the whole notion that the President's press conference would be abolished or radically altered was a tempest in a teapot, the sort of rumor with which the press often distracts the public but with which it is usually wise enough not to fool itself. Governmental institutions, even such latter-day ones as the President's press conference, are not to be dispensed with lightly. So shrewd a press secretary as Jim Hagerty, who got his boot training with that master publicist Tom Dewey, must have known all along that White House press coverage is not simply a courtesy extended to the newspaper and radio correspondents but a device for keeping public attention focused on the President as the single most important man in the United States. By having the floodlights of publicity continually trained on him, the President can give his words and gestures subtle

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gradations of meaning and avoid the stark black and white they would acquire if, each time he wished to make an announcement, all the paraphernalia of publicity had to be hauled out afresh. In the press conference the President can converse with the public rather than preach to it.

Same Game, a Few New Rules

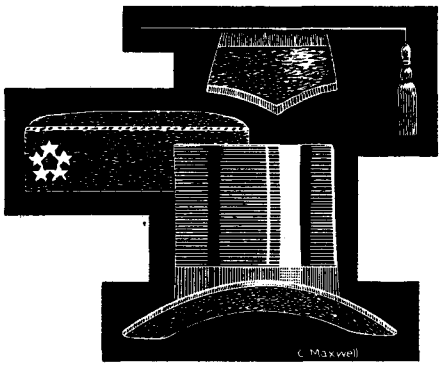
All in all, it is surprising how little has changed during Mr. Eisenhower's first months in office. The President still meets the press once a week, usually on Thursday, the favorite day of the Messrs. Truman and Roosevelt.

Mr. Eisenhower marches into the old State Department auditorium through the door on the left side of the room, smiles broadly, quickly motions the reporters to be seated, and stands behind the desk for all the world as if he were imitating his predecessor. And after only one attempt to bring a conference to an end himself, Mr. Eisenhower, like Mr. Truman before him, now waits for Merriman Smith, the senior wire-service man, to shout "Thank You, Mr. President!" and bolt for the telephones.

But there are differences. Minor but important is Mr. Eisenhower's practice of leading off with a few informal remarks of his own. Except for the first conference, when he used up twenty of the allotted thirty minutes in this way (and caused some remarks about "filibuster" from suspicious reporters), these opening remarks have taken up only a brief time before the conference is thrown open to unrestricted questioning. The innovation permits the President to present the topics that are uppermost in his mind in a clear and concise fashion. Mr. Truman seldom bothered to do this.

But a far more fundamental difference between the new President and his predecessor lies not in the ritual but the litany of the conference. President Truman was the backwoods Baptist laying down a personal testament of God and Mammon to the congregated reporters. Mr. Eisenhower, on the other hand, seems to be the high priest, whose utterances contain less fire and more theology. In the difference lie both strength and weakness for Mr. Eisenhower.

To the observer perhaps more than to the participant in the new press conferences, the initial impact of the change is refreshing indeed. Mr. Eisenhower, while completely open and frank in his answers, gives the appearance of thinking before he speaks. He has usually done his homework pretty well. His answers are much more complete than Mr. Truman's were, and he frequently re-



frames a question if it is presented in such a way that he cannot reply candidly. The new conferences are not marked by a continual uneasiness that the next moment will bring forth some off-the-cuff retort that will excite the reporters but flabbergast the President's aides.

Already the effect of this change is noticeable. For one thing, reporters no longer approach the press conference as if they were to take part in a bearbaiting. There are fewer trick questions, deliberately calculated to play upon the passions or the prejudices of the President. Those which have cropped up have found Mr. Eisenhower watchful and ready. Usually without a word of reproach, he indicates in a firm but kindly tone that he is well aware of the reporter's intent.

WHAT matters, though, is not how the reporters get along with the new President but the picture the reading and listening public gets, and on this point a comparison indicates that Mr. Eisenhower still has some lessons to learn. Mr. Truman, and for that matter Mr. Roosevelt also, managed to project the image of the President as a human being during a period when the Presidency as an office was proliferating into a bureaucracy of countless people, councils, and commissions. The public never lost the picture of one man who stood for specific things and against specific things, who liked certain people and, yes, hated certain people.

At least two of the practices that obscure the image of the new President as a man appear to be habits deeply embedded in Eisenhower's character. One is the old staff-officer practice of never interfering in a matter for which the authority belongs elsewhere or has been delegated on down the line. The other, a deeply personal characteristic summed up in the phrase "Ike Ain't Mad at Nobody," is the habit of retreating into generalizations when he is questioned on something that might involve judgment or criticism of someone else, especially if that someone else is a member of Congress.

Take as an example the anti-enslavement resolution, which figured so importantly in Eisenhower's first message to Congress. When Republicans in Congress sought to amend it to suit purely partisan purposes, Mr. Eisenhower told reporters that it was only a technical difference of opinion, one that the members of Congress could settle among themselves. As a result, one of the Administration's opening foreign-policy moves was buried ignominiously.

At his third press conference, on March 5, Mr. Eisenhower also termed as technical the question of allowing Congress to examine loyalty files. Two weeks later, with Senator Pat McCarran (D., Nevada) demanding that Charles W. Bohlen's file be opened, Secretary Dulles was forced to admit that a matter of genuine principle was indeed involved.

Also on the debit side, one could cite the ducking and weaving exhibition Mr. Eisenhower put on during the April 2 press conference when he was questioned about McCarthy's deal with the Greek shipowners. But clearly, his refusal to support his own Mutual Security Director was symptomatic of a weakness that went deeper than press relations. There have also been times when the President has answered sincerely and strongly and yet has failed signally to get his thoughts across. The balanced on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other ap-

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proach seems unsuited to the rigid patterns of the press.

On March 19, a reporter brought up the investigation of Communism in the churches proposed by Representative Harold H. Velde (R., Illinois). After a long, thoughtful pause, Mr. Eisenhower replied that if our churches needed investigation, then we had better take a new look and go far beyond investigation *in combating what we consider a* disease, because the church, with its testimony of the existence of an Almighty God, is the last thing that would be preaching, teaching, or tolerating Communism. Therefore, he could see no possible good in such investigation.

To determine how well this story was reported, a survey was made of twenty daily newspapers. They were chosen with the object of getting as wide a distribution as possible, and they included such big-city papers as the Boston *Post* and such small-town papers as the Dubuque *Telegraph-Herald*. This survey revealed that eight papers made no mention at all of the President's answer. (In fact, two ignored the press conference altogether.) Four carried wire-service stories stating briefly that the President depreciated any investigation of Communism in religion, but containing no reference to the fact that Velde had proposed such an investigation. Five mentioned Velde's proposal but limited Mr. Eisenhower's answer to "The President said he sees no point in questioning the loyalty of the nation's churches." Only three papers both quoted the President at length and connected his remarks with Velde's proposal.

AGAIN, on March 26, at the height of the controversy over Charles Bohlen's confirmation as Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Mr. Eisenhower was asked whether he stood behind his nominee. In response, he gave as strong and personal defense of Bohlen as any President has ever done for a nominee under fire. Mr. Eisenhower told how well he knew Bohlen, how he had played golf with him, visited in his home, and listened to his philosophy. Later in the news conference, he was questioned about Senator McCarthy's objectives in attacking Bohlen. The President replied that he was not going to talk about Senator McCarthy. Congress, he continued, has a right to make any investigation it sees fit. Then he added that you can carry investigation methods to the point where they damage from within what we are trying to protect from without.

A check of the same twenty newspapers showed that fourteen papers failed to give any of the President's personal testimonial to Bohlen and twelve omitted his answer on McCarthy or else gave such distorted versions as "As for McCarthy, the President said he has no intention of trying to interfere with him as long as the Senator thinks he is doing the right thing" (Peoria *Journal*), or "An emphatic 'no' was sounded by Mr. Eisenhower when he was asked to discuss the attacks on Bohlen [by] McCarthy" (Indianapolis *News*).

The significance of these two examples is clear. Unless the President states his views with a bluntness and even a crudity that jolts the most indifferent editor, his pronouncements can get lost in the shuffle.

A New Europe Comes to Life

THEODORE H. WHITE

AT THE END of a placid, tree-lined avenue where the city of Strasbourg fades off into its drowsy suburbs stands a simple white building that may, some day, be pointed out as historic. It is called the House of Europe; it might better be known as the House of Dreams.

Here, at the beginning of March, began an adventure whose meaning scholars will debate for centuries if it succeeds and for decades even if it fails. On March 10, fifty-five Europeans, empowered and deputized by their parliaments and governments, finished the codification of a document called the Constitution of Europe. If this document should be ratified and accepted by the six parliaments who sent these men to Strasbourg, then a new and sovereign power would exist in the world. Its name would be Europe. It would command 150,000,000 people and rival the Soviet Union as one of the great power complexes of the world.

THE document that summarizes the labors of these men is perhaps the least impressive of all the events, emotions, and deeds that took place in the launching of the adventure. Few constitutions are written to be read as passages in living literature; the Constitution of Europe is longer, more tortured, more intricate, more difficult to explain than most. Moreover, it is full of loopholes and ambiguities.

This is not the fault of the Constitution's fathers—the men who labored month after month all through the winter in dirty hotels and frowsy parliamentary committee rooms in Paris, in Brussels, in Rome, in Strasbourg, weekends and holidays, night after night. The document might

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have been bettered on paper by any high-school debating society, or by any idealist sitting in a library cubbyhole. But the men who wrote the Constitution of Europe were elected politicians who must return and campaign before the voters of six nations, explaining the vision that has seized them. Any idealist or professor can write a constitution, but only practical politicians can write a constitution that will be accepted by both people and jealous Cabinets and still meet the needs for which it is conceived.

The Alphabet Jungle

Essentially, the Constitution of Strasbourg is an attempt to bring order and vitality to the discordant institutions of international co-operation in Europe and to subordinate them to the will of the people, speaking through direct representation in a new forum. Europe by now is strewn with such organizations, so baffling that ordinary citizens have become lost in a jungle of titles and alphabets. There is an advisory Council of Europe, whose hall and premises in Strasbourg the founding fathers of Europe borrowed for their constitutional labors; there is an Economic Commission for Europe that sits in Geneva; there is the High Authority of the Coal and Steel Community in Luxembourg; there is the embryonic High Commission of the European Defense Community; there is NATO, in which the western European nations are bound as a group to the United States; and there is, of course, the United Nations.

The new Constitution of Europe removes from this tangle only two organizations that will be joined under one political authority. These are the Coal and Steel Community (already in operation) and the High Commission of the European Defense Community (now awaiting ratification). Only these two have received from the six governments that form them—France, West Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands, Italy, Luxembourg—the power to act supranationally: to tax, to regulate, to mobilize men, to order them to die. They alone have the authority to disregard national governments, and if necessary to overrule them. Together,

Mollet of France

these two can effect a real and revolutionary reorganization of the home of western thought and culture.

This is what the Constitution of Europe tries to do. In tedious legal prose, the Strasbourg Constitution hammers the Coal-Steel and Defense Communities together, places them under a sovereign political authority, and then invites this new sovereign to extend its realm into other political and economic matters.

Seen through the outline of the Strasbourg Constitution, this new European political community will have none of the spare simplicity of the American system, or its neat division of powers into executive, legislative, and judicial. In fact, Europe will have five governing bodies.

ITS EXECUTIVE will consist of a President, elected by the Senate but removable by the Peoples' Chamber, who will choose his own Executive Council, as the American President chooses his Cabinet. His Council members will be, in effect, Ministers of state—the High Commissioner of the European army being his Defense Minister, the High Commissioner of the Coal and Steel Community being his Minister of Heavy Industry, and other Ministers being added as Europe adds to the functions of the new state.

An Economic and Social Council will advise the President, but both its manner of selection and its powers are very fuzzily defined in the Constitution.

The High Court of the Community—or Supreme Court—will consist of the court and judicial structure already elaborated in the Coal-Steel and Defense Community projects.

A Parliament, consisting of two houses, will make laws and raise taxes. A Senate like ours will represent the member states—not on a basis of equality but on a weighted basis that gives the three large states twenty-one members each, Belgium and Holland ten each, and Luxembourg four. The lower house, or Peoples' Chamber, will be distributed roughly according to population—Italy and Germany sending sixty-three members each, France sending seventy (seven of these to handle the separate needs of North Africa), Belgium and Holland thirty each, and Luxembourg twelve. The Peoples' Chamber—and here is the striking political departure in international government—will be elected by direct popular vote, each European state dividing itself into electoral districts where men will campaign and challenge each other in the name of Europe, not country.

Cast as the certain villain in the piece is the fifth body, the Council of National Ministers. No present

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sponsoring national government, however enthusiastic, will permit a President of Europe or a European Parliament to boss it about. Therefore each national Cabinet will send one of its members to the Council of National Ministers. This Council will be at once the transmisison belt for directions coming from the President of Europe to national governments and a braking force on the federal European government, with limited and flexible veto powers. Politics in the new Europe thus promises to be complicated by a constant three-way tug-of-war between Parliament, President, and the Council of National Ministers.

Beyond these major provisions, the Constitution has the normal furniture of all constitutions—provisions for amendment, for admitting member states (any new state can be blackballed by the vote of any single National Minister), and, most important, for coming into effect. Officially, the new state will exist as soon as the Constitution is ratified by all member parliaments, after which elections will take place, the President will be chosen, and Europe will run its new flag to the head of the mast.

Spring and New Hope

Though the Constitutional Convention of Strasbourg lasted only five days, from March 6 to March 10, what happened there amounted to much more than the submission of one more document to a Europe by now befuddled with documents and words. What happened was a quickening burst of excitement, a contagion of awareness among men who had gathered together so often and bored each other for so long that none of them thought any such feelings possible.

Their enthusiasm had many sources. There were, to begin with, the season and the setting. France had gone green after its long winter and the skies had broken into their first radiant blue the very Friday the makers of the Constitution forgathered. Their brilliant new building seemed to suck the light into all its hollows. The council chamber, with room for two hundred delegates, gleamed in its red-leather and chrome-steel chairs; the benches, curving in unbroken arcs before them, were flecked with the lemon-yellow, apple-green, and salmon-pink papers of the various documentation and recording services. Through the Venetian blinds of the airy lounge, the sun poured in to illuminate the brilliant tapestries and decorative panels. Even the most cynical newspapermen were inspired. Said one old-timer, watching the descent of dozens of fresh newspapermen on a story he had covered so long in solitude: "They thought I was crazy when I asked for this Europe assignment two years ago. It'll be ten or twenty years maybe before they get to the end of this thing and I won't be around to cover it, but it's rolling big and I don't think anything can stop it."

The awareness that something big was happening came to many people at the same time. It came to some as they looked up into the galleries and saw them crowded with students, townspeople, and strangers. A German Bundestag member wandered out into the lobby during one of the sessions and said, "Do you know what's happening? Those people in the balcony are my voters. They've taken a bus across the Rhine to come and watch us. It costs them twelve marks for the trip and another twelve for the day in Strasbourg, and they lose a day's pay coming here. I've had six hundred people from my district here in the past four days." He shook his head, for the business at hand suddenly seemed very serious indeed.

Spaak of Belgium

The excitement startled the Ministers themselves. The meeting had been scheduled mainly as a formality. Six months before, in the fall of 1952, the six Foreign Affairs Ministers of the west European states had casually asked the Assembly of the Schuman Plan Community to draft a political document of association, to be called a Constitution. The Assembly had designated a Constitutional Commission of twenty-six men, which in turn had selected a working group of fourteen zealots, and these had gone off through the winter in unnoticed session—to return finally with their declaration of revolution. Instead of a memorandum submitted for their leisurely scrutiny and approval, the Foreign Ministers were confronted with a Constitution and men who were pledged to it, men who refused either to disband or to let their work be pigeonholed. The six Ministers were trapped—they had either to accept the document and project Europe into revolution or ignore it and repudiate their basic foreign policies.

Europe's Founding Fathers

Even the Constitution makers were caught up by the impact of their own actions, suddenly realizing how bold they had been and taking courage from their boldness. What had been a vague visionary impulse was no longer a theory but an issue—perhaps a badly formulated, awkward issue, but one which now would have to be carried to the voters, argued from the platform, fought or supported—an issue that could make or wreck careers. The Constitution makers had sniffed fame and were intoxicated by it. If their document could be pushed through, they were the founding fathers of Europe. Ministers and governments were now their enemies; their only ally, they believed, was the people, and to the people they proposed to take their case.

Just as important as the Constitution and its attendant excitement was this development, in the strange new forum of Europe, of new personalities and new and curious lines of cleavage.

Five men dominated the conference, forming together the machine which controlled the floor, the ideas, and the votes of the Assembly. Two of these five were Belgian—Paul-

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Von Brentano, Teitgen, Dehousse, Benvenuti

Henri Spaak, chairman of the conference, and Fernand Dehousse of Liége, a burly, pug-nosed man with iron-gray hair and powerful frame, vibrant with excitement and energy, who was floor captain of debate. The French phalanx of enthusiasts was led by Pierre-Henri Teitgen of the French Assembly—a thin, wiry man with the long, bald skull of a Roman consul and the deep, haunted eyes of a man whose convictions have burned him hollow. The German delegates—solidly pro-Constitution, since the German Socialists had refused to attend—were led by Heinrich von Brentano, a pink-cheeked, earnest, bespectacled pillar of Konrad Adenauer's Government in Bonn. The fifth was an Italian, Lodovico Benvenuti, a gray-haired, very affable man, the only floor captain to hold ministerial rank in his own country, where he is Under Secretary for Foreign Trade.

THE backgrounds of these five men are worth study. The two Belgians are Socialists, and the other three are major or minor leaders of national Catholic parties. Their principal opponents were French Socialists, Belgian Catholics, Dutch Socialists, and French Gaullists. These coalitions, improbable to an observer watching Europeans deal with European politics for the first time, were considered most unremarkable by men who had watched European politics develop in the new forum over the months.

"You can see here," said a Belgian Parliament Member, "the beginning of new alignments. For what makes politics at home isn't going to make politics in Europe. In all our countries, religion is terribly important in politics—it binds together in every Catholic party in Europe both leftists and conservatives simply because they are Catholic; and it puts together conservatives and Socialists just because they happen to be non-Catholics. But when you come to talk about Europe, you leave religion at home—that's a matter of state politics. In Europe people can sort themselves out on different lines. Spaak and Dehousse, who are both Socialists, find their best allies here in people like Brentano and Teitgen, who are Catholic. And Wigny, who is a Catholic in Belgium, opposes Catholics like Brentano and Teitgen in Europe. It's too vague to see how it will work out now—but if Europe is made, Europe will have new politics and completely new labels to go with it."

The Ifs

The floor of any Assembly is never the scene of creation or drama. The floor is where the boys in the back room bring their schemes to light, where the chairman pounds the gavel and calls, *"Pas d'observation, messieurs?"*, waits a moment and then says, *"L'article est adopté."* The floor in Strasbourg was simply the place where a roomful of veteran politicians decided by a vote of fifty to zero (with five abstentions, four of them French) that they would stake their political careers on what the back-room boys had worked up in the previous six months. The drama of the coming months, similarly, was neither forecast nor pre-echoed from the floor. To measure the pressure of the enthusiasm on the floor against the resistance of reality, one had to enter the lounge and catch the delegates as they sat sipping orange juice, tea, or whiskey in moments of relaxation.

All of them, even those in whom the gospel burned hottest, would say things like, "Of course, I can campaign and win on this, if . . ." What came after the "if" would vary from country to country.

"If" for the Germans is the Saar. "If the French don't press us too hard on the Saar, we can win the elections on this," say the German Catholics.

"If" for the Italians is representation. "I'll be able to win on this in my district," said one, "but others will have a hard time if the Constitution doesn't give Italy equal representation. The French will have seventy in the Assembly, the Italians sixty-three, and the Germans sixty-three. But if the Germans recover their old territories they will have more delegates too, and Italy will be third."

"If" for the Dutch is the common market. "We have elections next year," said one of the Dutch Socialists. "I'm sure that we can win with Europe. Everybody is ready for Europe. But if Europe means only the Schuman Plan and the European army, we shall have a hard time. The Schuman Plan has raised the price of coal in Holland and the European army means military burdens. Europe has not yet brought Holland any good. Our farmers want to sell their produce freely all through Europe. Our unemployed need work. This Constitution invites Europe to make a free market—but only after six years does it give the new Community power to wipe out internal trade barriers. Our people cannot wait six years."

Key Frenchman

All of these "ifs" can probably be smoothed away by negotiation or judicious diplomatic pressure. Only the French present a tangle of "ifs" so thorny that no one can see a

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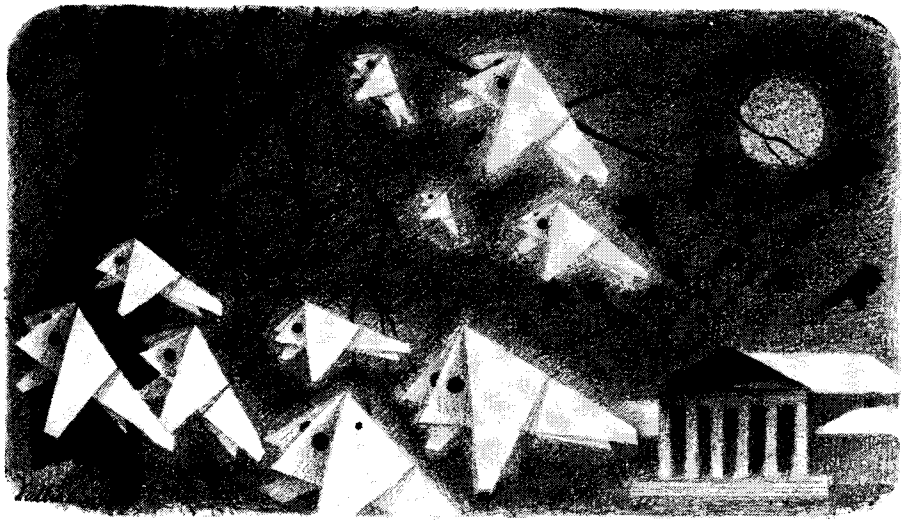
solution at present. For it was the French who brought the almost carnival enthusiasm of the Strasbourg proceedings back to reality with a thud.

The Constitution, in its present form, rests on the belief that the European army and Defense Community will be solid components of the new political community in the near future. But ratification of the European army rests upon the French Assembly, which, though it conceived the idea, has only now realized that it conceived a revolution for which the French people are still unready. Every politician in Strasbourg knew that the votes that would decide Europe's future lay in the French Assembly. At present, these votes read 260 dead against the European army, 240 certainly for it, and a hundred hanging in the balance. Almost all of these hundred uncertain votes are French Socialist votes, and they will be swung by the decision of the Socialist caucus, which is dominated by one man, Guy Mollet.

It was Guy Mollet, therefore, who, from his semi-permanent seat in the lounge at Strasbourg, provided the final touch of drama to the Constitutional Conference. For Guy Mollet—a thin, sandy-haired, blue-eyed schoolteacher from the miserable mining country of northern France—was once himself one of the most eloquent advocates of European Union. Yet when others—Spaak and Dehousse, Brentano, and Teitgen—went on to write the Constitution of Europe, something in Guy Mollet snapped. Guy Mollet will accept the European army, but not the new Constitution. If the Constitution is scrapped, he will throw the French Socialist vote behind the limited Defense Community. But if the Constitution is loaded onto the army, the Socialists of France will vote against both.

Rhetoric and Reality

While the rhetoric of the convention floor softly filtered through the doors, bearing the words worn so smooth—*"das Schicksal von Europa"* . . . *"la chicane des frontières"* . . . *"pour faire la paix"* . . . *"die Resonanz der Idee"* . . . *"faut faire l'Europe"*—Guy Mollet sat in the



lounge pleading another case. Mollet's case starts with Britain. Without Britain, says Mollet, any European Union is bound to become the prey of resurgent Germany. Without Britain, says Mollet, a crime will have been committed, for this six-power Europe will be a Catholic Europe. Only with Britain and the Scandinavian countries can it become a real Europe uniting both Protestant and Catholic. Without Britain, this Europe is the pawn of America. Only with Britain's power can Europe become what it should be, the third force, the balancing force between two worlds. Moreover, this Europe is a Europe in which France is the fat cat—French workers have a forty-hour week; German workers work forty-eight, sometimes fifty-two, hours; Italian workers even longer. Is Europe to be created by lowering French labor standards to those of the defeated countries? asks Guy Mollet.

No one can now predict the timetable of events resulting from Strasbourg. The Germans have taken only the first step in ratification of EDC—a first step that must be followed by passage in their Bundesrat and approval by their high court; the Italians plan to push for ratification before their spring elections—which may be difficult if a Communist filibuster begins. The Dutch and Belgians wait on the French. If the French ratify EDC, then, say the Constitution makers, almost certainly the Constitution will be a signed diplomatic document ready for submission to national parliaments by fall. Allowing six months for ratification (a highly optimistic estimate), say the Constitutional fathers, European elections may be held in the fall of 1954 and a President of Europe may be hailed by the people of the new state by early 1955.

Nor do the Constitutional fathers plan to wait on events or on ministerial lethargy. "We are not waiting," said Dehousse of Belgium, bleary-eyed the morning after the last late session. "We are in action, we are a committee. Last night before we quit we resolved on continuing action; we resolved we would meet here again in May. And between now and then we are going to the people. This is a revolution, not a movement."

Then, as if angered by the world's preoccupation with a death in Moscow while a birth was happening in Strasbourg, Dehousse said, "Do you remember when the Bastille was taken—do you know what Louis XVI wrote in his diary that day? He wrote one word: 'Nothing.' People may not notice what we have done today. But it has begun, it cannot stop."

"But the French," I said, "what if the French don't ratify?"

There was no answer, merely a toss of head—not a discouraged toss of the head, but the gesture of a man carried by a mysterious buoyancy, of a man borne by a deep and steady tide who feels that the next crest will take him over the reef even if this one, for all its promise, fails.

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The Silencing of Douglas MacFleet

BILL MAULDIN

ONCE upon a time there was a bright young soldier named Douglas MacFleet. He was brave, he was a born leader, and in time he headed a squad. Sergeant MacFleet's squad never flubbed an assignment. Whether it was an attack, a defense, or an ambush patrol, he always came through with flying colors.

There was only one thing wrong with MacFleet—he couldn't see farther than his own squad. His unit was the whole Army; everybody else was just window dressing and support troops. His battle was the world's only battle. He didn't like orders from above.

One day it came about that the battalion was in bad shape because the enemy had moved some observers up onto a little knoll overlooking everybody's positions and you couldn't stick your head up without getting a mortar shell down the back of your neck. The knoll had to be taken and the observers removed. The battalion commander held a conference about this and our sergeant's captain spoke up.

"I'll send Douglas MacFleet," he said. "He's an independent cuss but he's awful good. If the job can be done he'll do it."

'I Have Arrived'

Early next morning, by a combination of daring, strategy, and patience, MacFleet's squad crept up the hill without being seen, and while the enemy was having a prebreakfast discussion of Lenin's attitude toward kulaks, MacFleet appeared with a whoop and a holler, and after a short, sharp fight the hill was ours. The Sergeant immediately reported back to the Captain on his walkie-talkie.

"I have arrived," he said, simply and proudly.

"Great," said the Captain. "I'll send up a relief to consolidate the position and you can come on back. The Division Commander is waiting to decorate you."

"Captain," said MacFleet, "why stop here? We've got the enemy on the run. There's a better hill ahead, and beyond that is what looks like an even prettier one. Just give me plenty of artillery support and . . ."

"Sergeant," said the Captain, "for the last time, this is not a private war we're fighting. That position was what we call a limited objective, and we have to co-ordinate our actions with battalion, battalion with division, division with army, and beyond that there's a global . . ."

"Sir, I'm not asking for troops," MacFleet interrupted. "Just get corps artillery to lay a few thousand rounds where I tell 'em and me and my squad will push clean through to Moscow."

"I certainly admire your spirit," the Captain said, "but there's lots of other people up and down this line who need that artillery support. Besides, they don't have enough shells to throw them around like that."

"Well," said MacFleet, if those goddam Congressmen would get on the ball . . ."

"Sergeant," growled the Captain, "I have got to throw rank at you. Come down off that hill and get your pretty medal."

General Popoff

Back at division headquarters the General was waiting with the citation and the place was crawling with reporters who had heard of the Sergeant's feat. As soon as the ceremony was over, MacFleet was mobbed by the press.

"I understand you wanted to drive on through to Moscow," an Associated Press man said admiringly as the General stood by beaming.

"That's right," said MacFleet. "Only thing that stopped us was a shortage of artillery."

"Wow!" said the reporter. "What a scandal!"

The General's beam began to fade.

"There's something else I'd like to say," said MacFleet. "What the hell kind of a war are we supposed to be fighting? You have a chance to push ahead and they hold you back. Are we here to kill Communists or play tiddlywinks with them?"

The General beckoned to the Provost Marshal.

"The rest of the Army doesn't want to push ahead," the Sergeant said scornfully. "Personally, I'd like a transfer out of this chicken outfit."

"That's just been arranged, buddy," said the burlier of two burly MPs as they laid hold of MacFleet and began dragging him off toward the stockade.

"There's no future in sounding off like that," the other MP said, "until they've retired you with four or five stars on your shoulder."

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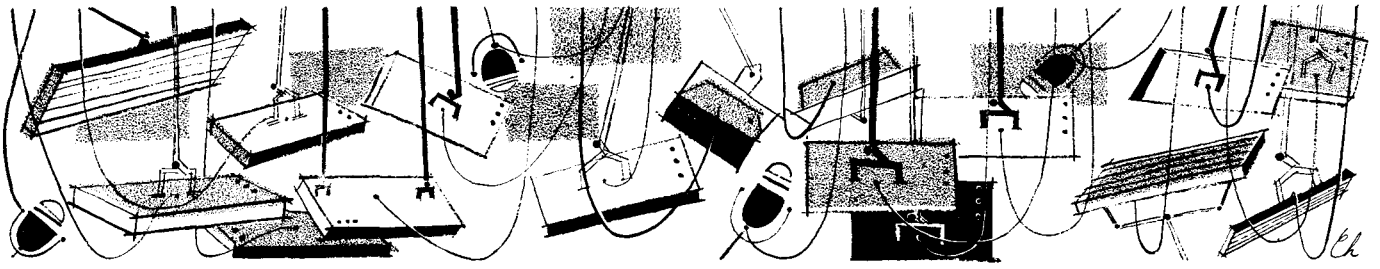


CHANNELS:

Comments on TV

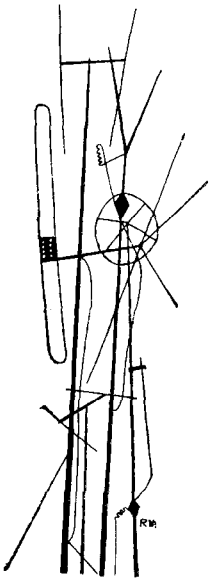
MARYA MANNES

THE OTHER DAY I was attracted by an Abraham & Straus ad in a paper. It said: "You Can Paint a Beautiful Picture in Oils the First Time You Try!", and then: "Here's your chance to make like Rembrandt. . . ." After showing it around for laughs, I thought no more about this blithe approach to creation until—searching for that culture which the television broadcasters claim they proffer lavishly—I stumbled upon Miss Conni Gordon one Sunday afternoon on WPIX, an independent New York station, at 12:15. Miss Gordon showed me how to paint "originals" in one hour and amaze my friends; in other words, how to make like Rembrandt.

In Six Simple Steps, outlined in her booklet ($1.00), and with her special de luxe kit ($5.95) it is possible for anyone to make an oil painting that can be framed and hung. Her aids consist of a thing called a "space divider," a finished original to copy from, and certain set treatments of light and shade. "A good painting has light, medium, and dark shades," said Miss Gordon. She used the word "rhythm" frequently as she dabbed away. "Get the rhythm of it," or "Let's put a little rhythm here." In no time at all, before my very eyes, there was a complete still life of a vase of flowers. (On another Sunday, it was a seascape of waves dashing against rocks.) Then in slow, careful words, as if she were addressing disturbed children, Miss Gordon showed how to sign your name. It would have been interesting to know whether color transmission would have mitigated or increased the horror of the finished masterpiece.

The Blob Technique

Perhaps "horror" is too strong a word for the picture itself, which was at least recognizable. The noun should be reserved for the basic concept, not only of Miss Gordon's approach and that of the ad, but of another television show titled "Art in Your Life," one of an educational series on WPIX thrice weekly at 11:30 called "The Living Blackboard."



On the day I saw it, a gaunt young art instructor was giving an exhibition of a type of painting designed to stimulate the imagination. He soaked a large sheet of paper in water and then dribbled different water colors on it so that they ran and mixed. The result was a minor Jackson Pollock, although I am told that Mr. Pollock uses house paint and takes more time.

Then the instructor—a Mr. Douglas, I believe—held up his impregnated sheet and said, "Now let's have fun." The fun consisted of seeing all sorts of things in the blobs and "bringing them out." To Mr. Douglas one blob suggested a lady's head, another a tree, another a man, and with deft strokes and a constant monologue he so converted them. "Purely imaginative . . . doesn't mean or represent anything. . . . Just for some mood. . . . I sort of feel an arm in here. . . . I feel like grass, somehow. . . . You don't have to be careful about your drawing . . . just have fun. . . . Let your mind wander on the paper. . . . All you need is courage. . . ." And then the climactic line of all: "You have to believe that what you do is good."

In all fairness to Mr. Douglas, his

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sublimated Rorschach test was more attractive than Miss Gordon's original, possibly because he had taste and knew how to draw. Furthermore, I think he was sincerely trying to stimulate the imagination, while Miss Gordon seemed more intent on stimulating the sales of her booklet. Both were in any case catering to a great appetite for self-expression, for that expansion of the creative spirit that lies in most men. The pity is that this appetite is fed with pap.

It is not that these two shows or the ad in the paper have any importance in themselves, but that they are symptomatic of a sickness which has afflicted so much contemporary creative effort.

The sickness takes two forms. One is arrogance—a total lack of humility before the living world. The artist now is so busy projecting himself that he sees nothing beyond himself; his painting is three parts therapy to one part devotion. The blob he makes is more important than the shape of a leaf or a hand. He is in love not with the marvels of creation but with the private world of his reactions. He is in constant communication (as was Mr. Douglas) with himself.

THE OTHER phase of this sickness is Fun. The Easy Way. The Quick Way. You must never take pains; you must never be tough with yourself; you must always have fun. If a thing or a thought is too hard, skip it. If it takes too long, drop it. "Never mind about the drawing (or the book or the purpose or the fact) —let your mind wander. . . ." We are encouraged, it seems, in a perpetual doodling; discipline is the enemy.

What people like Miss Gordon and Mr. Douglas should be telling their eager amateurs is that there is a wide gap between "fun" and joy, and that nothing easy is the source of real satisfaction. I would wager that one carefully and even laboriously drawn study of a seashell would give its maker more pleasure than a copied original or a waterlogged accident.

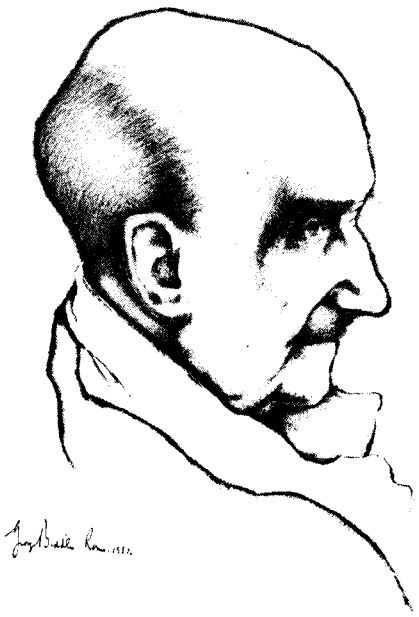
This may be called the reactionary approach. But if you want to make like Rembrandt, you must sweat it out.

Last Talks With Santayana

GEORGE BIDDLE

I HAD stopped that late September morning at one of the newspaper kiosks along the Paseo del Prado in Madrid to pick up a copy of *Ya*. Hidden on the back page was a brief, garbled notice of the death of George Santayana. It spoke of him as a Spanish writer and essayist, a professor of philosophy. It mentioned the address—Calle de San Bernardo No. 69—at which in 1863 he had been born in Madrid. It added a few short biographical facts, such as the legacy which in 1912 "permitted him to abandon his work as professor at Harvard," and the name of the doctor, Sabbatucci, who had diagnosed his last illness. In conclusion the article conceded (without, however, giving the titles of his books) that as an essayist he had written works that have given rise to much controversy.

A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. Although Santayana had left his native land at the age of nine and neither wrote Spanish nor ever spoke it with any great assurance, he never became an American citizen. He was, in fact, on his way to the Spanish Embassy in Rome, presumably to conclude the testamentary arrangements in regard to his interment, when he had the accident which was perhaps the immediate cause of his death a few months later. On October 1, 1952, the Embassy announced through the press that "the corpse of the writer George Ruiz Santayana has been interred in the pantheon of Spain," and "In accordance with the wishes of the deceased the only persons present at the ceremony were representatives of the Spanish Embassy and Consulate and a very small number of the famous philosopher's friends."



That was all the official Spain of Generalissimo Franco had to say about a celebrated son. This brief notice in the newspapers was followed, however, by generous excerpts from the editorials of the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*. These placed in a proper perspective the enrichment of American culture from the vast body of his work, which quickened with the spirit of life the cold intellectual concepts of the relation of beauty and the mind.

I HAD been presented to Santayana at the Bull Ring in Madrid in 1912. He had just severed his connection with Harvard and had left America with the intended threat, not too gravely expressed—for he was seldom, I fancy, grave—of retiring completely from the world to the deathlike stagnation of Avila or some other Spanish town. He could contemplate all he needed of the external world, he assured me, while he sipped his chocolate at the table

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reserved for him before his favorite café. I remembered little of him except the polished manners, the urbanity, the twinkle in his eye, and the pride he seemed to take in highly technical explanations of the *espada's* peformance with the bull and the dramatic ritual of this loathsome but highly artistic spectacle.

On a mild, sunny afternoon in December, 1951, I renewed our acquaintance. Santayana had long ago immured himself in the Calvary Hospital of St. Stephen in Rome, better known as the Hospital of the Blue Nuns.

I was told by one of the Irish sisters that Santayana had been ill and tired the past few months, but she asked me, after some hesitation, to hand in my name. I scribbled it on a bit of paper, together with a message. After a short wait I was asked to go in to see him, but was cautioned against too long a visit. I entered a smallish, somewhat crowded and shabby chamber. Santayana came slowly forward to meet me. He was dressed in a long black woolen robe. Underneath it he wore a soft colored shirt, open at the neck. He seemed quite small—not over five feet five or six inches, delicate, with slightly protuberant opaque brown eyes. Yet with all his apparent fragility he was heavily set, with a strong aggressive nose and a dominant, well-domed forehead. His thin hair and his carefully trimmed mustache over the full, sensitive, sensuous lips were white or nearly white; and his skin had the transparency of old age. He spoke quite slowly in a low, beautifully modulated voice. His words seemed to float effortlessly from his lips, like so many graceful, perfectly formed bubbles.

Santayana motioned me to a chair and mentioned, quite simply, that he was very deaf. He placed me so that he could best hear me; consequently I spoke a little slowly and articulated with care. He seemed a little confused as to just who I was and explained that he was too blind to read my penciled note but had been able to make out my name. He had known various Biddles in his day, but fancied that they were all older than I was. (He later confessed that he could not see me at all clearly and had guessed by my voice that I was a much younger man.) I asked him if he had perhaps known a cousin, Louis Alexander Biddle, who had been in the class of 1884 at Harvard.

"I was in the class of 1886, and it is just possible that I knew him."

I reminded him, too, that my brother Francis had been one of his last honor students and had visited him a few years before in Rome. He could not recall the visit.

Santayana: My memory is very bad. I forget recent events quite easily; but I can remember with clarity what happened to me as a child. Often, too, I dream in Spanish, which I spoke before learning English. Actually I have had few American friends. I lived only a comparatively short time in America, during my school and college years and those in which I taught at Harvard, from 1889 until 1912. It is true that during that period I formed a few close attachments. But they were not among my students, although I was then an instructor in philosophy.

G.B.: I often wondered on whom you modeled your hero in *The Last Puritan*. Was he a classmate or a student whom you had known in the flesh?

Santayana: He was, I suppose, a composite creation, drawn from various acquaintances, but very largely from W. Cameron Forbes. He had, for instance, that particular trick of wearing a shoestring for a watch chain. A detail, if you will. But for me it had a revealing significance.

G.B.: I have often wondered, too,

from the theme and title of your only novel, whether you had suffered from New England puritanism; whether it had left on you its mark of frustration, guilt, or failure. For surely many students at New England schools and colleges, coming from other surroundings, have been so affected.

Santayana: No, I cannot feel that I was actually injured or even troubled by New England puritanism, although of course I was greatly aware of it. But you must remember that I came from Spain, which in its own way has denied the flesh.

I told him how greatly, as a young man, I had admired his *The Sense of Beauty*.

Santayana laughed his gentle, depreciatory laugh. "At the time I never thought too much of it. I will tell you how I came to write it. During those years, although I was teaching philosophy, I was more interested in my own expression: poetry. Not such good poetry at that. At any rate philosophy came later, although actually I was teaching it then, courses on Plato and Socrates, which I had taken on to relieve William James.

"Now, Eliot [President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard] and the rest of them thought I had not enough scholarship, and most probably they were right. You know, Eliot kept me wait-

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ing for nine years as an instructor before he made me an assistant professor. Friends who were concerned for my advancement became solicitous. They said to me: 'You have got to write something.' I said: 'Very well, but what? They said: 'Why, something in your own line—your field of study.' I asked: 'But what is my line?' They told me it was aesthetics. So I wrote about aesthetics.

"And the book still seems to be selling well. In fact it is doing better than my novel. They use it as a textbook in schools and in girls' colleges. That sort of thing. And they have gotten it out in a handsome new edition. But to tell you the truth, it hasn't got much philosophy in it. You see, at the time I was more interested in poetry.

"But Barrett Wendell was very nice about it. You knew him? Yes? He was ten years my senior. But he was on my side. We were together on the barricades against the solid phalanx of scholarship and learning. For a long time I couldn't publish my book. But he took it to Scribner's and got them to publish it for me. And so Eliot made me an assistant professor. But he made me wait another nine years, and even then I had to threaten to resign before he gave me a full professorship."

I asked him if he had ever known Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller, who was an instructor in philosophy when my brother and I were in college. At the time he was writing a paper on the problem of evil among the neo-Platonic philosophers.

"Ah, yes, indeed. And what has become of him? He too, like myself, was in bad odor. Too much, if you will, the literary man."

I TOLD HIM that during the past year I had been reading in the *Atlantic* his reconstructed conversations between Socrates, Alcibiades, and the Stranger.

Santayana: Those were my *Dialogues in Limbo;* I, of course, am the Stranger. I had written them years ago. They were, in fact, my earliest work. But as I have said, I was interested then in poetry.

G.B.: And what have you been working on lately?

Santayana: Nothing since I published *Dominations and Powers* a year ago. I wish I could give you a copy. I have only one with me and I need it. I have really been at work on that theme for forty years—gathering notes and filling in certain chapters. But parts of it are quite new. In a sense, you know, I was racing against time. I never could be sure how long I should last.

I felt I was outstaying my leave and told him so, but asked if I might return.

He said, gently smiling: "*Aquí está su casa*—Here is your home." He shook my hand. His hand was soft and delicate. Although he spoke of himself as blind, his eyes had an expression of kindly serenity and playful warmth. Not exactly a sparkle, but a look of great wisdom and sympathetic understanding. I left him.

WHAT was the secret of this detached and enigmatic being? As with many great people, Santayana showed different and seemingly irreconcilable traits. Louis Untermeyer has called him one of the most inspiring teachers who ever gave courses at Harvard. I know personally of the enthusiasm, almost veneration, which many of his students felt for his wit, charm and clear intelligence. Yet it is common knowledge that President Eliot intensely disliked him. Miguel Unamuno, the Spanish philosopher, when he met him in Madrid, said of him: "There is nothing Spanish about him. He is a New Englander to the core with a Spanish name." And William James, who was associated with him for years, once remarked to a friend, "His heart is on ice."

At Santayana's death I do not suppose that there were half a dozen people in the world who knew him intimately. Yet during the few times I was with him, what most impressed me were his radiant charm, a kindly tolerance, and his friendly, though detached, acceptance of life.

THE NEXT chance I had to visit Santayana was March 9. In the afternoon I walked over to the Convent of the Blue Nuns. The sisters told me that he had just had his tea and that I might go in to see him.

He seemed a little older and feebler than on my previous visit. He

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still wore his heavy dark woolen robe, which had the appearance of a monk's cowl. The front was much spotted with stains where he had spilt his milk. He had told me that his doctor had put him on a very severe diet, and that he was only allowed milk and biscuits and one egg a day. He added: "I am comfortable, however. I have a bathroom across the hall and the sisters have given me an adjoining room, where I keep my books. I read and rest and sleep on my chaise longue. Indeed I am very happy. When I was young I was a pessimist, for I had few friends. But now, though I see almost no one, I really love everyone."

I had often wondered about his relations with the good sisters. For although he was nominally a Catholic, he never went to Mass or attended worship. His pronounced skepticism must have caused their piety misgivings, and his books, had they read them, actual consternation. A former Mother Superior had made repeated but useless efforts to win him to a more active participation in devotional life. "But we at length became great friends," he told me, "and for a long time, after she left the convent for another post, we corresponded." His unorthodoxy must have caused them constant worry. They surely were aware of his approaching death. What if he should refuse the final sacrament?

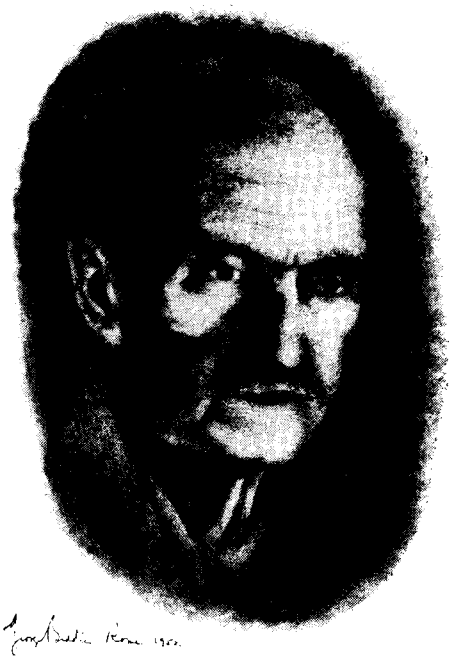
THE CONVERSATION turned to some of his former friends whom I had known. Of Mrs. Jack Gardner he said: "She was really intelligent with people and in knowing how to get what she wanted. She had great, great vitality. Not beautiful. Pretty-ugly looks and enormous charm; a witch, a siren. But she had little mind and no understanding whatsoever of painting. None. Nor is it true that she had an interesting salon. Musicians, yes. But rarely men of letters. And her Fenway Court is a horror, less a reflection of the nineties than of her own personality."

He had known Senator Bronson Cutting and remembered taking him once to dine in Rome and asking him if he liked broccoli.

"No," said Cutting, "for broccoli is a cousin of cauliflower, and cauliflower is cabbage."

"Such a snob," sighed Santayana.

I asked him if I might do some portrait sketches of him on my next visit. He did not raise any objection. He seemed even mildly flattered. He shuffled over to his writing desk and found, after some searching in an old envelope, the reproduction of a charcoal drawing done of him in 1896 by Andreas Anderson. The likeness was that of a soft, slightly cruel,



narcissistic face, with almond eyes and full budding lips.

"This is the only portrait that had all of me in it. John Sargent said that it was a complete likeness."

The room was getting dark and shortly thereafter I took my leave.

THE FOLLOWING Wednesday was bright and sunny. I drove over at eleven o'clock with sketching materials. Santayana had himself suggested this hour, when the light would be most favorable. He had breakfasted and been shaved, and the room was in order. He was so courteous and friendly that I sensed that he had been expecting me.

Would I begin with a profile of him? He cautioned me against flattering him, although one side of his face was better than the other. Had I noticed that his nose had a sharp break in it? We started to work immediately. I am always nervous when I begin a portrait sketch, afraid that my sitter is becoming restless. I told him that he was posing very well, and hoped that I was not tiring him. He laughed quite gaily.

"Oh, I can do nothing all day. It's the one thing, you know, that I do quite well."

In half an hour I had finished and I got him to pose for a full face. When this was done I showed it to him. He was a little troubled.

"There is something about the mouth that is quite sour. You have made me look as if I had swallowed a very distasteful morsel."

I made a few imperceptible changes and explained as best I could that these were only rapid notes, from which I was eager to make two lithographs on stone. He hoped he might see them when they were printed. I concealed my misgivings. The most detached philosophers have unexpected streaks of vanity.

I RETURNED two weeks later. I had drawn the heads on a hard "blue" stone and had them etched and printed. I was particularly pleased with one of them. The technical qualities of the inverse process which I had used, the etching of which is tricky and hazardous, had come out beautifully. I brought with me my friend Mason Hammond, professor of Latin and classical history, partly because he had urgently asked me to introduce him to the old sage and also because he had promised to give his enthusiastic approval of the likeness.

After I had introduced him to Santayana, I mentioned that I had with me the two lithographs which I had made from my sketches. He seemed a little confused and remarked, as he frequently did, that his memory was very bad. "But you did do the drawings of me, didn't you? Might I see the prints?"

I showed them with some trepidation. He looked first at the profile without enthusiasm and only volunteered: "Of course I never see myself in profile and hardly know how I look." I then showed him the full face. "Ah, that is better. It has strength and looks like me. The other has a quite silly expression. But you have made me look ill-natured and unhappy. I am neither."

Hammond, shifting the conversation onto safer ground, asked him if

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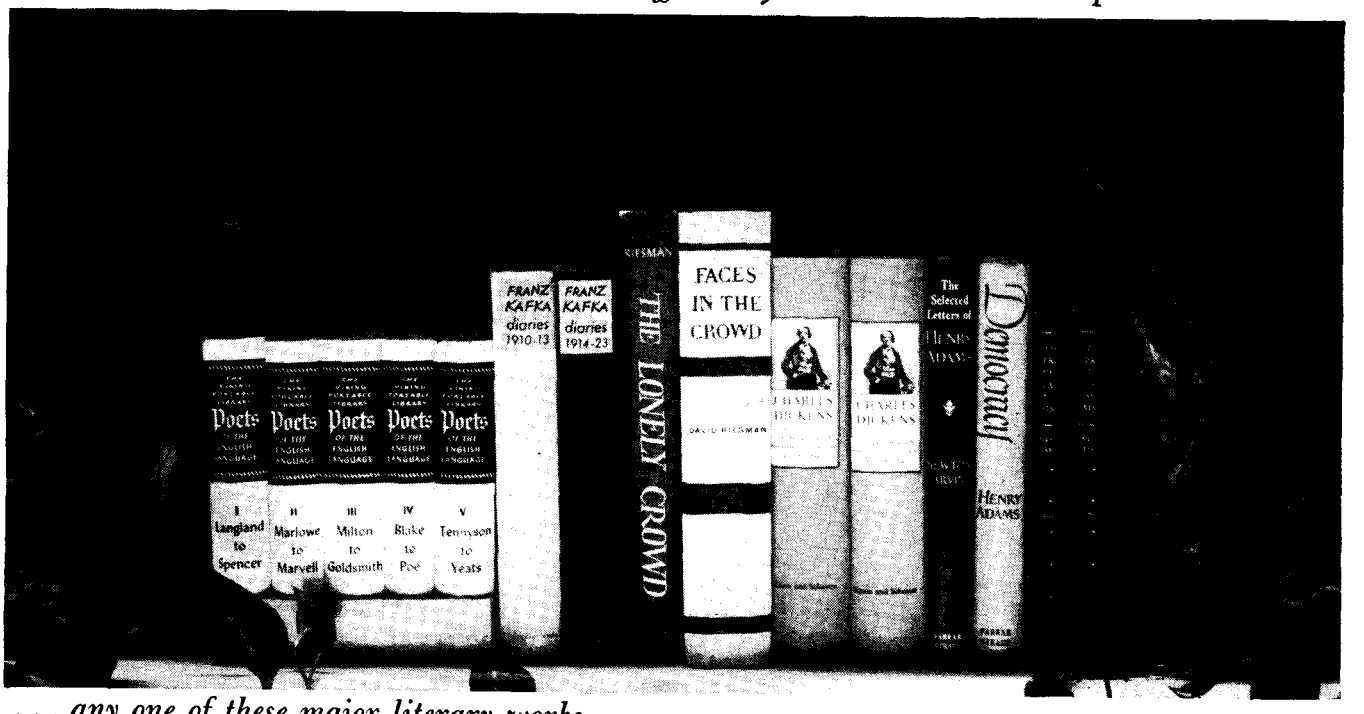

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he had many close friends among Italians.

Santayana: No. But you see I came here as an old man. Nor does one make friends easily with the French and Italians. I have never had close relations with either.

G.B.: Don't you think it is partly because the French, Italians, and Spanish reserve for their immediate family their warmest ties of affection? I have noticed, too, that the Mediterraneans never completely let down the barriers, until the familiar "tu" is used between them.

Santayana: Ah, I have never gotten quite as far as that!

G.B.: It has happened to me several times. But usually some emotional situation was involved. Once in Tahiti, it was over a woman. In another case the Fascist persecution of an Italian Jew, a friend of mine.

Hammond: I should hardly have suposed that in Tahiti an emotional situation could arise over a woman.

G.B.: He was in the French diplomatic corps. He feared that his career might become jeopardized.

Santayana: I remember a story of Henry James's about his meeting with Prosper Mérimée. Mérimée said to James, who had never been able to make warm friendships in Paris, "How can you live over there in England? They are so much less subtle than you." But the French are notoriously parochial and ignorant as to other countries.

Hammond: How was James's conversation?

Santayana: Charming and brilliant. But he spoke very slowly. He was always fastidiously groping for *le mot juste.*

THE TALK turned to William James.

Santayana: I remember once, as he lectured, his stepping to the open window and snuffing the spring air and then saying that he would like to get some of that quality into his talk. But the story became apocryphal and was attributed to me. I was always accused of getting too much poetry into my lectures. You know Mr. Eliot hated me; but Palmer and Wendell were on my side.

I interrupted him by observing that stories, like works of art, have a life of their own and continue to grow, once they have been created.

Santayana: It was Palmer who told me that I should model my poetry on Latin rather than on Greek verse. You know I read Latin very well. Only this morning I was reading Ovid. But I never became as familiar with Greek.

He mentioned Stickney, who was also a classical scholar, as a friend he had seen much of in Paris. He spoke, too, of Robert Lowell, the poet, as a friend with whom he often corresponded, and of Ezra Pound, who had visited him in Rome and read to him some of his *Cantos.*

G.B.: Van Wyck Brooks, who has said some rather bitter things about T. S. Eliot, feels very differently about Ezra Pound. He told me once: "He is very American in his passion to reform the world. He may be wrong, but at any rate his heart is in the right place."

WE GOT UP to go and I asked a little awkwardly, for I did not quite know what was expected of me, whether he would care to keep either of the lithographs. He laughed almost a little angrily:

"Ah, no. You may keep them. You have made me look unhappy and ill-tempered and I am neither."

Another View

MY HOST THE WORLD: VOL. III OF PERSONS AND PLACES, by George Santayana. *Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.*

IT WAS always a farewell to everything, not just to arms. The first farewell was to Avila, where he might have become a canon of the cathedral, a canon who doubted his faith, or a lawyer occupied with endless litigation about the fields beyond Avila's walls, a lawyer skeptical of the law. His second farewell was to Harvard, escaping, he thought, from obvious danger: The perennial supply of youth provided by the better private schools would have forced him to observe the effects of age upon his own person rather than upon that of others.

But there was no escape. Oxford proved as perilous, because of the dons. Each year at Harvard young men came in, but four years later they went out into the world, where at least they progressed into senility out of Santayana's sight; the dons at Oxford were students who, never having gone out into the world, irritatingly grew old *in situ,* as the archaeologists would say, gluttonous or dull or religious. Santayana fled Oxford.

AS LONG as he was saying good-by to places, no harm was done, for he kept places in his mind, with all their essential qualities, and here in this last volume of his memoirs the places are safe from all possible destruction. Avila is safe in his prose, as Toledo is safe in the Greco painting, and Rome, Boston, Oxford are safe—in the sense that Nineveh and Tyre are safe, in a cold and perfect abstraction.

It is Santayana's farewell to persons in this book that is disturbing, because he could not make it a gracious farewell or even a farewell at all. He betrayed all his friends: He fled them because they could not remain forever young; yet they stayed with him, insistent reminders, horrid reflections perturbing this Dorian Gray to the end. One need not mention names: Here is a friend of his, an old man now, sitting in an English garden busying himself with embroidering a large design in gold thread; he has lost his figure, his money, his malice, and his wit. Here again is an English gentleman, married often and unwisely, and Santayana, after all the years, is still gossiping about him in the pantry. "People do not grow better when they grow older. . . . No: we are no longer charmed by their virtues or interested in their vices."

It is a wonderful thing to achieve serenity, terrifying to achieve it in emptiness of heart.

—GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

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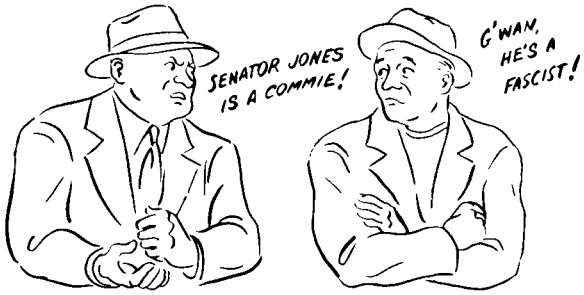

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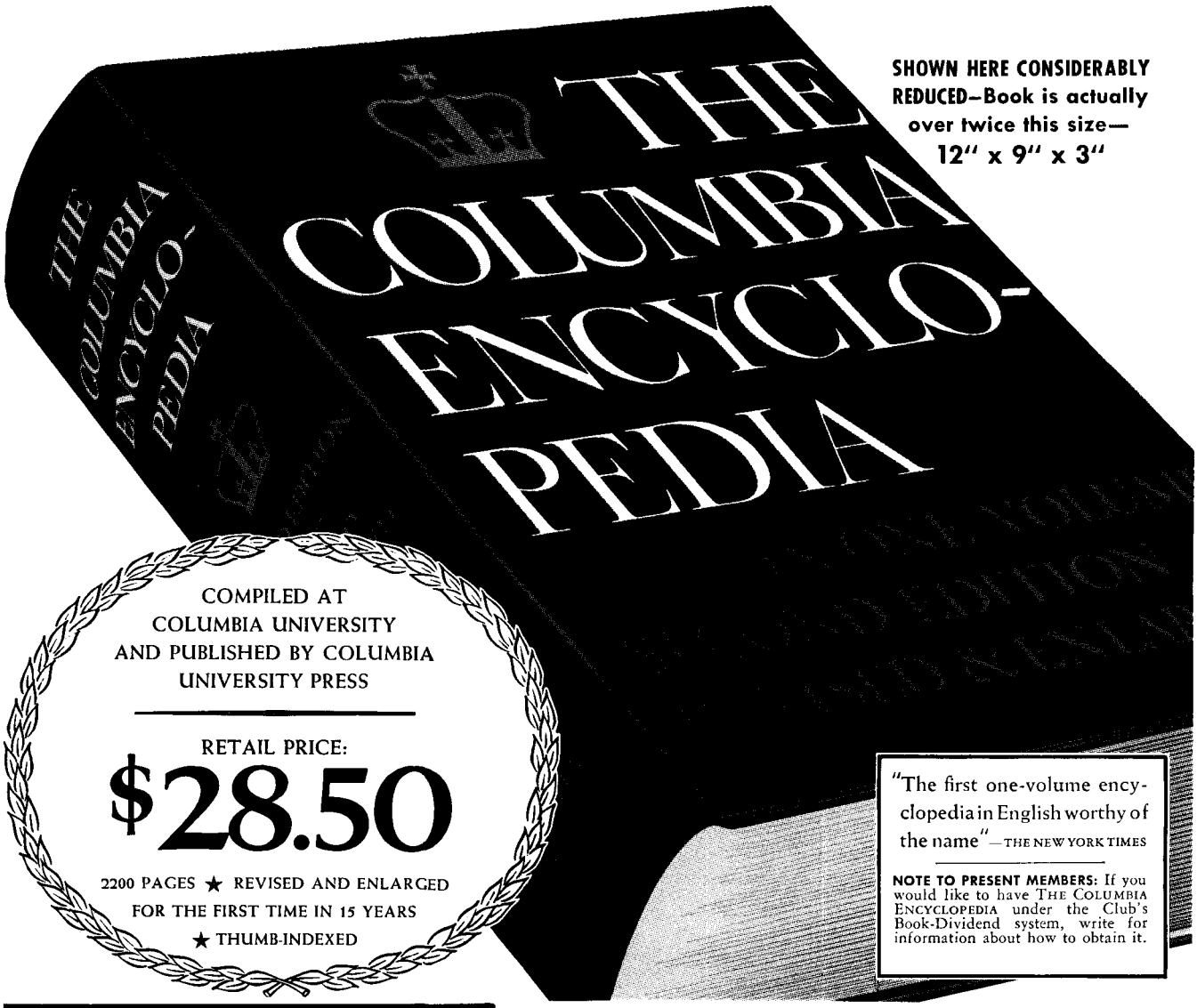

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